Don't Fail to Read
Our New Story
Beginning This Week.

The Meredith News.

We Begin
Cheque No. 9031
This Week.

Vol. X. No. 6. MEREDITH VILLAGE, N. H., THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1889. Price Three Cents.

BUSINESS CARDS.

S. W. ROLLINS,
COUNSELOR AT LAW
Meredith, N. H.

N. C. NUTTING,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in residence on Main Street, opposite the School-house.
-30-6m MEREDITH, N. H.

F. L. HAWKINS,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office over P. D. Blaisdell's Store.
MEREDITH, N. H.
15-tf

F. E. KITTREDGE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
CENTRE HARBOR, N. H.
11-1-in-tf

Dr. C. C. MATHEWSON,
Will perform all operations in
DENTISTRY
At his office in Prescott's New Block.
Main Street, Meredith, N. H.
47

L. HARTSHORN & SON,
Carriage and Sign Painters.
Meredith, N. H.

JOHN EASTER,
PAINTER,
Meredith, N. H.

O. S. PIPER,
Contractor and Builder,
Estimates on all kinds of work in my line furnished on application.
Meredith, N. H.

Elm House
Meredith, N. H.
Thos. Gray, - Proprietor.

Remodeled and Newly Furnished.
17.

A. J. WATSON,
Practical Carpenter,
Contractor and Builder.
Estimates furnished on application.
Waukewan St., Meredith, N. H
26-tf.

GEO. D. PEASE,
112, Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

LOANS NEGOTIATED, REAL ESTATE BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION, TAXES PAID, ESTATES MANAGED.

BLAKE & MOULTON,
UNDERTAKERS
—AND—
FUNERAL DIRECTORS.

SICK HEADACHE!

Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Vomiting after meals Pain in the side, Distress from over eating, Nervousness, Costiveness, Piles, Coated tongue, etc. are relieved and cured with **Wadleigh's Little Vegetable Pills.** A fair trial will convince you of their superiority. Do not gripe Small. Large number. Small dose. Small price 45 pills 25c. 5 bottles $1.00. One pill a dose. At all druggists or sent on receipt of price.

My food distressed me very much. There was a terrible burning in my stomach, and burning water fairly ran out of my mouth. A few doses of Wadleigh's Little Vegetable Pills completely cured me. I never took a remedy that worked like these little pills. Respectfully, JOHN CUSHING, Franklin Falls, N. H.

Wadleigh's Rheumatic Cure Cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gout, etc. All druggists. Try it. Prepared only by F. R. WADLEIGH, Pharmacist, Alton, N. H.

Notice to Farmers

All castings used in the make-up of the Swivel Plow

"GRANGER"

From and after January 1st, 1889, are fully warranted not to break by any fair means, the owner to be the judge.

The best is the Cheapest.

WADLEIGH PLOW CO.,
41 Meredith, N. H.

CARRIAGES FOR SALE.

Any person in want of a well made **Buggy or Light Wagon** can be accommodated by A. SHERMAN, of the Mountain View House. No cheap work done. 1-2

FOR SALE OR TO RENT!

For a term of years. A two-story house containing nine rooms, newly finished, painted and papered throughout, a convenient cellar, wood room, garden 45 x 20 feet and a well of never-failing water, situated in a good and desirable neighborhood on Water Street, Meredith Village.

For particulars or examination apply to S. A. Ladd. tf

The * Meredith * News.

GEO. F. SANBORN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

A great deal of fault is being found at the present time because the legislature has voted an appropriation of $60,000 for the building of a new Normal School edifice at Plymouth. Even the venerable General Marston is profoundly solicitous for the future of our state because of its too liberal policy of granting appropriations. He is at a loss to predict the outcome. That there is great danger of a too free expenditure of the public funds, there can be no doubt, and every honorable means should be taken to guard the public treasury; but it seems to us that state pride alone should prompt its representatives to see to it that its educational institutions of all others should be fully though carefully sustained. It is not a loss of money, nor can we be too extravagant in the maintenance of our schools of knowledge. Their fruits live long after them, and it is to them we owe all we have as a people. It is but natural that other towns should wish to enjoy the benefit of such an institution in their midst, but it should not follow because Plymouth is favored at this time that like edifices should be raised to foster other places. We cannot all have them, but it is the duty of all of us to aid in their maintenance on a high principle and perhaps extravagantly rather than be disgraced by such an institution as our Normal School has been for the past few years. It is but a few cents individually now, but dollars to be gained by placing a careful watch over our institutions of learning.

The prospect of a final adjournment of the legislature next week is good. Much progress has been made the present week, and although nothing of a startling nature has been brought up, the interest at present is over the local option license law, which is under discussion, with a probability of defeat. The Australian ballot bill has been referred to the next legislature. A committee from the House waited on President Harrison in Boston yesterday extending to him a cordial invitation to visit the capital, but it is expected he will not accept.

Spokane Falls, W. T., one of the wonders of the great west in point of growth, was visited by a most disastrous conflagration Monday night, leaving but one business block and involving an estimated loss of $14,000,000. The fire started in a lodging house, and it was due to lack of water that the heroic efforts of the firemen were baffled. Several people from Littleton, N. H., were residents there, some of them being among the city's first settlers, it having grown from a population of 180 in 1880 to 16,816 at the present time.

What can be more sad than the story of the Johnstown clothing merchant whose entire family was taken from him, and his stock valued at $20,000, which included every dollar he had in the world. Wandering among the ruins, demented and penniless, he was sent to Pittsburg with but one solitary dollar in his pocket, although there is still a large reserve of the relief fund.

With one of the best water powers in the country, the city of Spokane Falls, W. T., was reduced to ashes because the water was not properly under control in case of conflagration. Will not this negligence of a thriving community be sufficient to warn much less pretentious towns against delay in providing protection against fire?

President Harrison met with a very flattering reception on his visit to Boston yesterday en route to Bar Harbor as a guest of Secretary Blaine. It is expected the President will make a trip of the White Mountains before his return to Washington.

Monday's dailies are filled with sad drowning accidents either by boating or bathing. The vast number of lessons of this nature serve not one iota to check the reckless destruction of human life by foolhardy adventure.

It is getting more and more fashionable for young men holding positions of trust to gain popularity by forgery or embezzlement.

At the Portsmouth municipal election Tuesday, the Democrats were generally victorious.

Meredith & Vicinity.

Waukewan Lodge, No. 9,
I. O. G. T.

Meetings every Tuesday evening at their hall in Prescott's block, at 8 o'clock.
Geo. W. Bartlett, C. T.
J. H. Salter, Sec.

Concord R. R., White Mt. Div.

Trains leave Meredith Village, as follows:

TRAINS NORTH:	
Paper Train	7:40 a. m.
Way Freight	8:25 "
Montreal Express	12:18 p. m.
Mail	12:30 "
Quebec and White Mt. Express	4:28 "
Plymouth Express	8:31 "
Shoo Fly	10:55 "
Paper and Excursion Train, (Sunday,)	6:13 a. m.
Montreal Express, (Sunday,)	10:55 p. m.
TRAINS SOUTH:	
Shoo Fly	4:24 a. m.
Plymouth and Boston Express	5:56 "
Woodsville and Boston Express	8:38 "
Mail	1:44 p. m.
White Mt. and Montreal Ex. (Sunday)	4:24 a. m.
White Mt. Montreal and Boston Express,	5:20 p. m.
Excursion and Accommodation, (Sunday)	5:28 "
Accommodation	5:55 "
Way Freight	10:05 a. m.

J. M. BEDEE, Station Agent.

—Nice Concord Grapes at Sanborn's Saturday.

—Mrs. Carl Green is visiting friends in Belmont.

—Mrs. May McKnight has returned from Vermont.

—Geo. S. Hilton, Esq., of Paterson, N. J., is in town.

—Mr. Fred Hodgdon and wife of Haverhill, Mass., are in town.

—Mrs. C. S. Woodman is visiting her former home in Plymouth.

—Geo. S. Hilton, Esq., and wife go to one of the beaches to-day.

—Some more of that Hire's Root Beer, five cents per glass at Sanborn's.

—Blake & Moulton are erecting a stable near their coffin and casket manufactory.

—Mrs. L. D. Moulton's father, of Campton, has been making her a visit recently.

—Misses Rossie and Addie Willey are employed in Morrison's restaurant at Laconia.

—Mrs. Ida Fernald Huse of Haverhill, Mass., is with her mother on Plymouth St.

—Begin with us this week and secure the opening chapters of "Cheque No. 9031."

—Mr. Ezekiel Skinner of Plainfield, Vt., was in town Sunday with his niece, Mrs. M. E. Blake.

—Mr. Forbes and wife, the former cashier of one of the Boston banks, are guests of Mr. J. F. Beede to-day.

—Mr. O. M. Davis and family have returned from a few days' visit to friends in Lake Village and vicinity.

—Mrs. Jane Norris contemplates laying concrete over a sidewalk in front of her residence on Hodgson street.

—Mr. John Hawkins caught a bass near Ragged Mountain Monday, that weighed one ounce of five pounds.

—Mr. Eben F. Roberts and wife of Boston, are making their annual sojourn among relatives and friends in this vicinity.

—Mr. S. S. Wiggin of Massachusetts, formerly of Laconia, has been visiting the family of Mr. O. M. Davis this week.

—Parties from out of town have been favored with very kind treatment by Lake Waukewan black bass the present week.

—The finest 2-cent Bananas at Sanborn's, together with fresh fruit of all seasonable kinds at the corresponding low rates.

—When the rubbish is cleared from our streets, which of course will be done in due time, we shall feel "big," won't we?

—John W. Beede & Co. call attention to many of their specialties in the grocery line in this issue. Don't fail to read their ad.

—Mr. Chester J. Mason found his cow dead in the stable this morning from some unknown cause. She was an unusually valuable one.

—Mr. M. H. Coleman has left the shop of J. W. Quimby & Co., and accepted employment in Merrill's marble works at Laconia.

—Rev. G. A. Curtis expects to be home from Housatonic, Mass. in season to occupy his pulpit in the North Church next Sunday.

—We are enjoying most welcome clear and cool weather, and should be favored with more to follow as a recompense for the past few weeks.

—Wm. O. Clough, Esq., of Nashua and County Commissioner J. Freeman Clough of Manchester, made their mother a visit over Sunday.

—Those Peaches, those Plums, those Bananas, those Watermelons, those Pears, those Lemons, and lots of those good things cheap at Sanborn's.

—The Butterfield house owned by Mr. D. A. Ambrose at the corner of Main and Waukewan streets, is being thoroughly renovated and repaired.

—Mr. Almon Cooley closes his labors in Hodgson's hosiery this week, and will accept a position in the knitting room of F. P. Holt, at Laconia.

—Mr. Fred W. Towle is especially active in clearing up the square. His neighbors seem to be troubled with that tired feeling so often spoken of in patent medicine "ads."

—A brother of Mr. W. M. Rand, who has just returned from a seventeen years' stay in the west, is seriously ill at Manchester, and Mr. Rand has been summoned there.

—Steamer Zulu will run Aug. 11, between Meredith and Weirs, leaving Meredith for Weirs at 9 o'clock, a. m., and returning leave Weirs for Meredith at 5 o'clock p. m. Round trip, 20 cents.

—We understand Mr. C. E. Parsons of West Medford, Mass., has purchased the farm of Mr. H. H. Piper on the Neck, to be occupied by one of his sons in breeding fine horses as a specialty.

—We are told that the hosiery business is booming again, and that no thoughts of a shut-down have been entertained. We are pleased to note the evident future prosperity of our own town with the rest.

—One of the twins of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Pease died at the residence of Mr. M. C. Pease yesterday morning of cholera infantum. Dr. C. R. Gould of Tilton, Mrs. Pease's father, has been in attendance upon the little one.

—Don't forget our band's moonlight excursion to-morrow evening on that magnificent steamer, "Maid of the Isles." They will give you a grand good time if the weather be favorable, and if not, will provide for your pleasure again.

—Mrs. Thomas E. Lang, 87 years of age, walked from her house on Water street to Main street Monday for the first time in two years. She is quite proud of her new undertaking, and expresses herself as having been greatly benefited by it.

—Mr. N. H. Leavitt of Newmarket, the veteran carriage man, was in town Tuesday and left a very fine pony phaeton with Dr. Hawkins. Mr. Leavitt's good deeds have followed him, and established a reputation for square dealing that is winning an abundance of public favor.

—Mr. J. S. Roberts and wife returned from their three weeks' sojourn in the west Thursday evening. Mr. Roberts has been afflicted with erysipelas since his arrival, the appearance of which hastened his return after reaching Massachusetts. He is able to be out and slowly improving.

—Messrs. Ladd and Rollins are making a great improvement to the Crockett house at the corner of Main and Highland streets. A recess will be made at the front entrance, in which double doors will be placed, and a portico over the step will complete a great improvement to the property.

—Concreter Dow has laid a very fine piece of walk on Water street, which shows up as well as any in town. He will lay the crossing to Beede's store, and a walk to the front entrance to Geo. G. Hoyt's residence. The outlook for a walk up Highland street is said not to be so brilliant as is at times reported.

—The season at Moulton Opera House opens the 21st inst. with that popular comedy "Peck's Bad Boy," to be followed the 30th by "Will-o-the-Wisp," both by strong companies. Manager Moulton announces that the curtain will positively rise at 7:45 the coming season in order to accommodate patrons up the line.

—Steamer River Queen will run between our village and The Weirs on the principal days of the Universalist Camp Meeting and Veterans' Reunion as follows: Leave the wharf at the foot of Lake St., August 11, 18, 25, 29, 30, at 9 a. m. and 1 p. m., each day; returning, leave The Weirs at 12 m. and 6 p. m. Tickets 30 cents for the round trip.

—At the regular meeting of Waukewan Lodge, I. O. G. T., Tuesday evening, the following officers were installed by Lodge Deputy Bedee: C. T., Geo. W. Bartlett; V. T., Lillian Sanborn; Sec., J. H. Salter; A. S., Alice Grant; F. S., Geo. Grant; T., Florence Smith; Chap., Maria Kendrick; M., Geo. P. Maloon; D. M., Eva Blake; G., C. E. Hartshorn; Sen., Clarence Cox.

—Sanborn is accurately measuring one mile out from his store on each of the highways leading into town and erecting advertising signs, on each of which is painted an index and "1 mile." The accuracy of the measurement will be quite convenient to many in computing distances. The signs being quite convenient for target practice, notice is respectfully given that any disfigurement of the same is punishable by the law applying to such.

—Some of our people are advocating the removal of Ambrose's piazza and the stone sidewalk in front of Mr. Geo. G. Hoyt Jr.'s residence for the laying of concrete. We are of the opinion that both the above named obstacles should be taken away, and when the time comes we predict the owners will cheerfully [illegible]. Anybody that has a bit of pride will sacrifice a little for the public good and not let their detestable selfishness stand in the way of the prosperity of the town. We have no use for these greedy citizens who have nothing at stake but the blood of their fellow beings and their own self will. Could the town be rid of them the great benefit derived by their absence would be manifest.

—Our people have just cause to feel proud of the excellent condition of the highways generally outside the village. They have not been in so good condition for years, if they ever were. Now we don't want to crowd matters, but it seems to us that in view of the wretched condition of Main street, especially toward the station, it would be excellent economy to purchase a stone-crusher at no very distant day. With plenty of material at hand, it would be but a short time before we would be riding over macadamized streets free from mud and constant repair. Sometime, you know; not now, because it won't do to burden the people too much at once. We can take a step at a time, but we must not cease walking right along, and as time rolls rapidly away we will see springing up before us a living monument that will be of some value to us and those that come after us. Let's not let this fever abate until we build up a town that capital will not care to leave, and to which it will of necessity be attracted. We most certainly must offer some inducement to outside people or they will continue to shun us. The way to do it is to wake up, and we are happy to say we are rapidly getting our eyes open.

Centre Harbor.

Will Sherman is in town for a few days.

Ex-Gov. Plaisted and wife of Maine are guests at the Senter House.

The Senter House is crowded at the present time, and will be through August.

The Centre Harbor band are to have an excursion next Friday evening on the Lamprey.

Many very fine boats have been brought here this summer by guests, and our little harbor presents a lively appearance.

At this writing Mrs. Sutton is very sick with pneumonia. Dr. Kittredge attends her with Dr. Frost of Peabody and Dr. Walker of Concord in consultation.

The Harbor has at this time the honor of bearing on its waters the queen of all row-boats. To say she is a "thing of beauty" is putting it very mildly. She was designed and built by Mr. C. F. Horr of Hartford, Conn. Mr. Horr is a native of this state and thinks no place is quite equal to Centre Harbor for a summer vacation. Hence he and his accomplished wife are again sojourning at the "Brown Cottage," presided over by that worthy hostess, Mrs. Louisa Wentworth. A brief description of the "Wilhelmina" may be of interest to the readers of the News. She is 17 1-2 feet long and 3 1-2 feet wide, weighs 143 pounds and will carry four or five persons very comfortably. She is propelled by four oars carried by outriggers and worked with ease. She is furnished with all modern conveniences and for real comfort is only excelled by a most sumptuous drawing room. Her outside finish is of 1-4 pine, her gunwales of mahogany and her rail is oak. Her inside is quartered of oak and mahogany, all polished and varnished with the highest degree of the art, and no parlor furniture shows more skillful and ingenious work. She has never yet "rode the wave." Mr. Horr occupied his leisure time for years building this aquatic gem of which every one says "I never saw anything like it—just beautiful."

Meredith Centre.

Miss Evelyn Plummer is visiting in Laconia.

Saturday last, Bert Perkins while engaged in cutting wood, gave his foot a cut some three inches in length. He was taken immediately to the village for attendance, and to remain with his mother until his recovery.

Prof. McConnell of New York sends a general and cordial invitation to all singers in town to meet him at the residence of George Roberts next Saturday eve., at 7:30 sharp. The object of this meeting is to rehearse music to be used at the Weirs Musical Convention next week.

Rev. Mr. Harmon having severed his connection with the Freewill Baptist denomination, and resigned his pastorate of this church and people, will preach his farewell sermon next Sunday. All are cordially invited.

Lake View.

The sun shines.

Miss Mary Davis is in East Moultonboro.'

Miss Edith Dow is at home from Meredith.

Irving Dow is at home from Dover for a short visit.

Miss Cora E. Davis is teaching in the Red Hill district.

Capt. G. R. Lamprey was in Boston last week for a few days.

Miss Emma Lavalley is stopping with her sister at Centre Harbor.

Wilber Lamprey is at home cutting their hay with the assistance of Seldon Knowles and Orville Bartlett.

Rev. Mr. Humphrey, who has a summer cottage on Wallace Island, preached at the schoolhouse last Sunday, and Rev. Mr. Haven and a minister from Georgia are to have a meeting there next Sabbath.

Mr. Nathaniel White and wife of Braintree, Mass., who have been visiting Mrs. White's brother, Mr. L. P. Goodhue, left for home last week.

Miss Eunice S. Grace of Barnstead spent a few days at Mr. A. J. Smith's on her way home from the White Mountains.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is sold by Geo. F. Sanborn. Price, 50c.
14

STOP!
Read This and Take Advantage of
LOW PRICES!

Osgood & Co.,
(Suc'rs to S. E. Young & Co.)
Are now selling
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Plated Table Ware at the
LOWEST LIVING PRICES.

We also have a full line
Optical Goods, Opera Glasses, Pocket Cutlery, Shears, Scissors, Razors, Etc.

All in want of Watch, Clock and Jewelry
REPAIRING
We can suit. With the best of workmen we are able to do any and all kinds of repairing. Call and see us.

OSGOOD & CO.,
114 Main Street, Laconia, N. H.

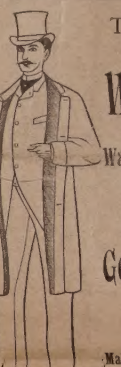
TRY Country Luck.
John Habberton has written many good stories. This is one of his best.
Watch for the Opening Chapters!

O. E. OSGOOD.

THE POPULAR GARMENT OF THE SEASON
PEASANT
WATERPROOF CIRCULARS,
Wrappers, Tea Gowns, Boys' Waists, Girls' Tiers,
LADIES' & CHILDREN'S COTTON UNDERWEAR
A SPECIALTY.

Special Bargain in a Black
SILK PARASOL
Gents' and Ladies' Umbrellas.
SUMMER CORSETS, GLOVES, HOSIERY,
—ALL KINDS OF—
WASH * MATERIAL * FOR * DRESSES.

Under Town Hall, Opp. Elm House,
Meredith, - N. H.



THE POPULAR STYLES
—IN BOTH—
Woolens & Garments
FROM THE SAME, MAY BE RELIED ON AT
Wadleigh's Merchant Tailoring Rooms
Wiggin's Block,
Meredith, N. H.
THE VERY LATEST NOVELTIES IN OUR
Gents' Furnishing Goods
DEPARTMENT.
—AGENCY FOR—
Malden Dye House and Concord Steam Laundry
J. S. WADLEIGH.

PEASE & TOWLE
Are Constantly Receiving Additions to Their Stock of
CHOICE GROCERIES
AND CANNED GOODS.
The Usual Line of
PAINTS, OILS AND HARDWARE.
MEREDITH, - - N. H.

Spring Opening
—AT—
AMBROSE'S

With a Large Variety of New Goods at prices as low as the lowest. We quote prices on ASH SETS from $18. upward; SPRING BEDS a $1.25; Lounges, at $5.50; 5 SPINDLE CHAIRS, 37 cents; CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES from $5.00 upwards; 4000 ROLLS PAPER hanging in stock, with BORDERS to match, etc., etc.

Thanking our patrons for past favors, we hope by strict attention to business and

LOW PRICES!
To merit a continuance of same.

Proof of pudding, etc. Call and see for yourselves,

Don't fail to get prices before buying.

THE MEREDITH NEWS.

AS WE VIEW IT.

Yonder landscape, regal in its splendor,
Smiling with a look half proud, half tender,
Seems a shrouded corpse when dense fogs roll.
Life is glorious when the rays of duty
Shine upon it from a loving soul;
But its hills and glades are robbed of beauty
If a selfish mist hangs o'er the whole.
Scorning this great fact, the base man loses
Truth's best diamond, priceless if he know it;
Life is good or bad, as each one chooses,
Life is as we view it.

Wanting wealth of heart, the miser's treasure,
Now too small to purchase lofty pleasure,
Soon will be a deathbed pang, or worse.
Love, contentment, goodness, hopes ethereal,
Make the peasant, slender though his purse,
Vastly richer than the whole material,
Star illumed, unconscious universe.
Mental wealth, whose very touch entrances,
Boundless lies for all whose minds pursue it;
Man is rich or poor, just as he fancies:
Wealth is as we view it.

Life's flame, flickering feebly in the strongest,
Oft blown out, is soon burnt at the longest;
Frail we live; we're nothing in our graves.
Almost awful now, yet daily heightening,
Is our power, that rides the foaming waves,
Weighs the planets, grasps the leaping lightning,
Changes fire and air to docile slaves.
Man can humble Nature if she dares him,
Set her some hard task, and make her do it;
Man is weaker than the steed that bears him:
Power is as we view it.

Knowing not where Truth's first step commences,
Since the sages say our very senses
Teach but fictions, dark we live and die.
Priceless thoughts that time in its long travels
Through past ages gathered, open lie;
Science shows the cipher that unravels
Nature's secrets, writ on earth and sky.
But the wondrous volume spread before us
Needs eternity to read right through it.
All is darkness! Floods of light float o'er us!
Truth is as we view it.

One faint gasp, and then the low death rattle!
Thus we end it, beaten in the battle,
Losing all things with our parting breath.
Life has glories, but infinitely brighter
Is the glory of a noble death,
When the soul, its load each moment lighter,
Heedless now of what the vain world saith,
Seeing visions, pale sublimely soaring,
Feels the icy hand, yet dares to woo it:
Death is starless night, or radiant morning:
Death is as we view it.

—The Academy.

FORCED APART

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Author of the "Wreck of the Grosvenor," "A Sailor's Sweetheart," Etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. MEAD RETURNS TO GREYSTONE.

"I know I'm doin' right. Niver could I hold up my head if they got saying it were Judith Mead as helped Michael's girl to roon away and leave her character behind her," said Mrs. Mead to herself as the wagon drove off, and upon a loosened truss of hay she sat, right in the center of the vehicle, staring out of the shadow at the pretty little inn that was dropping behind.

It was eleven o'clock when they arrived at the top of the High street of Greystone.

"This'll do, mister," exclaimed Mrs. Mead, who had no opinion of Johnny as a driver, and was weary of the jolting inflicted on her, and the miserably slow way they made; "ye needn't go no further."

Johnny, however, refused to take any notice of her request. There was an ale house some distance down the street, and not until the wagon was abreast of it did he cry, "Whoa!" Then dropping from his perch, with a trifle of briskness in the action, he came round to the back of the cart, and said, "Ye can get down here if ye loike."

The old woman scrambled down as best she could, and Johnny looked on with a grin at her boots. Then correcting his smile as she faced round upon him, he said:

"This here's the Wheatsheaf, and the flavey in the liquor is as foine as though 'twas all home stood."

"Ye're welcome to drink as much as iver they'll trust ye with," replied Mrs. Mead tartly.

"Aren't ye goin' to stand summat?" cried the man.

"Yes, half a pint o' vinegar, if ye're good to drink it," answered the old woman.

"Go along, or I'll get ye drownt for a witch," shouted the disappointed Johnny; and off he went, chuckling audibly.

Not ten yards, however, could she go without meeting an acquaintance. Who should this be but old Mrs. Bruff, going to her snuff shop in George street, with her dinner in a paper parcel.

"Good mornin', Mrs. Mead. How are you? 'Tis an age sin I seen ye my way."

"I'm middlin' well, thank 'ee, Mrs. Bruff. As to comin' your way, what hath snuff to say to a lone old cratur' that counts her valley in fardens? The flies, they do tickle, truly. Them and the dogs knows what's good," exclaimed Mrs. Mead, with a glance at the paper parcel. "And doth not the parson say that prosperity draws strange [illegible]

"Ye're allers quizzing, [illegible] Prosperity, indeed! Five and fourpence was my airnings last week; scarce three loaves in it—thanks to them wagabone French, as it's a mussy for them I ain't a man."

"Well, and ye give me no news! That two gossips should roast i' this heat with nothing to say! But they're wonderful liars i' Greystone," said Mrs. Mead.

"News—to *thee*!" cried Mrs. Bruff, with a ludicrous toss of the head. "Why, here I stand for truth; for, as you say, they're dreadful liars i' Greystone."

"The truth o' what?"

"But you know!" exclaimed Mrs. Bruff, looking at her old companion with absurd incredulity in her face.

"I do not know," replied Mrs. Mead, with the eagerness of a born gossip. "I am this minute arrived from Winston, and if anything hath happ'd I'm as strange to it as a unborn infant."

"Why, then," said Mrs. Bruff, speaking slowly, and with evident sense of superiority, "it's everywhere towd that Mike Strangfield's wench hath run away for shame o' the wrong done her by Dr. Shaw's son. But that's not it, neither. Not twenty minutes since, I met Deacon Skelton, who says to me, 'Is it true, Mrs. Bruff, that my brother Strangfield is dead?' 'The Lord forbid,' I says. 'I hope not, Mr. Skelton.' 'I'm afeard he is, then,' he says. 'Jim Mason,' he says, 'him as keeps the Blue Posterns, had the news from Tom Raffles, as is cousin to the Strangfields' servint; Polly her name is. She was sent for the doctor, but came fust in fright to her mother—who's kept her bed sin' April, poor wretch—an' says that Strangfield's fell down in a fit, and's a dead man.' 'Lord bless me, sir!' says I."

"That's news indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Mead, very pale, and catching up her dress. "If it's true, it's as strange a wisitation as any that iver I read of in Holy Writ. Good-by to ye. You've put me in a hurry, Mrs. Bruff. Lord save us! what wonderful things happen in this life!"

She was limping rapidly away before Mrs. Bruff could return her farewell.

She was too experienced a gossip herself to believe in the accuracy of any story related; but then, likewise, she well knew that almost never does any story get abroad without foundation. They may say there's a flame where there is only a spark; but be sure there is fire of some kind.

Hastily down the street she went. Arrived at her home, she washed her face, brushed her hair, dusted her bonnet and shoes, and, glancing at the cupboard, to make sure of a bit of dinner to be cooked on her return, she sallied forth once more, and walked direct to Strangfield's house.

No outward and visible sign there was of anything being amiss.

Mrs. Mead knocked softly, and, with uneasiness bred in her by the dislike bore her by the Strangfields, kept herself close, that she might not be spied by any sideways glance from the window. No one responding, she knocked again loudly, and presently the door was opened by Mrs. Strangfield herself.

The deathly white and grief of the poor woman's face was indeed something heart moving to behold. The utter forlornness of the eyes, the piteous droop of the mouth, the dishevelment of hair and attire, which into grief throws a violent dramatic element, were beyond expression. She looked at Mrs. Mead, while the old lady bobbed a courtesy, as a person to whom everything that offers has a meaning cruelly hard to master.

"God forbid, mistress," said Mrs. Mead, "ye should think I am come out of evil curiosity. They say the deacon hath been stricken ill, and positively would I know this from one who hath the truth."

"Why do you come here for news? This is a house of mourning now. I am a desolate, lonely woman. Heaven help me," replied Mrs. Strangfield in a broken voice.

"So, indeed, ye be, if it is only for your daughter's leavin' ye," said Mrs. Mead, with deep compassion. "But what hath happ'd to the deacon? For the Lord's sake let me hear it of you, ma'am!"

"He hath been struck with paralysis, and lies dying and calling for his daughter. That is the truth. And now must I go to him, for your knock has brought me from his bed, and the maid is away on an errand, and I am alone in the house."

She spoke with stolidity of exhausted grief, and was stepping back to close the door.

"Stay!" cried Mrs. Mead, "I bring thee news of thy child."

The mother wheeled round with a shriek, and with both hands seized her arm.

"What of her? Is she living?"

"Living and well. Not an hour ago I left her."

Mrs. Strangfield had no words. The sudden dispersion of the fears that had torn her heart was a moral convulsion that deprived her of speech. She stood with her fingers clutching hard the old woman's arm. Then incoherently she spoke.

"Sweet girl! How hath she been wronged! My pretty one! Alive, indeed, and I have been praying for thee. Oh, what a sorrow to befall the pure in heart! God forgive us!"

She drooped and leaned toward Mrs. Mead, and brought up the old hand to her mouth and kissed it, weeping the while such tears as only mothers weep.

"Alive and well!" she burst out again. "Dear heart, to bring me such good tidings! Come in, come in! God is good to send thee! Dear heart, what joy you give me!"

With drops trickling down her furrowed cheek, Mrs. Mead suffered herself to be drawn into the house by the passionate mother.

"Quick, now, dear friend," cried Mrs. Strangfield, feverishly. "Tell me where my girl is! Is she in Greystone?— Oh, my poor heart!"

"She is at Winston, at the Greyhound there, and you mun go and fetch her, and tell her what blow hath fallen on thee, or she will not retoorn. Oh, she is bitter—and rightly so!" quavered the old woman, in a voice strangely composed of indignation and sympathy. "Niver, she swears, will she come to her home again, to be despised and thought vilely of. For her dying father she may come—but you must fetch her, mistress."

"Come! Oh, she will come when she sees my face, and hears that her father lies moaning for her. Besides, hath not Dr. Shaw proved her a married woman? Ay, this very morning, Mrs. Mead, he came to bring us written proof of my Jenny's marriage with Cuthbert Shaw! But how can I leave my husband?" she cried, distractedly. "The doctor says he must be watched. And how can I fetch my Jenny and be with my poor Michael?"

"Well, well! truly proved married! And she hath told no lies, then!" gasped Mrs. Mead. "The Lord forgive ye for all the pain you have given her. What didst thee say?—thy husband wants nursing? While ye're gone I'll watch by him. I've nursed a many i' my time. Hath he his mind?"

"Yes; he lies still—he has no power in one arm—and he groans sadly. He calls for Jenny, and— Oh, Mrs. Mead! if I am not quick he may never see her again in this world. Dear Mrs. Mead, since you will stop, run up to him now, dear heart, while I get my bonnet. I will be very quick. Do you mind, I have courage to be quick since she is living. Straight up, Mrs. Mead, to the right. Stay, I will show thee. Oh, God grant him a little life!"

She ran upstairs swiftly, yet with light feet, and Mrs. Mead went laboriously, quivering and stumbling after her. Outside the door quite clearly was the groaning of the man heard. He lay on his back looking toward the wall, and in the gloom of the room his face was scarcely distinguishable from the pillow for the whiteness of it.

With finger on her lip Mrs. Strangfield motioned to Mrs. Mead to take the chair by the bedside; and, nimbly appareling herself, she came to the old woman's ear and breathlessly delivered instructions. They were simple enough, and to Mrs. Mead's discretion was left the explanation of her presence if Strangfield should observe her. But, truly, there seemed little chance of this; never once, since lifted from the parlor floor and laid upon the bed, had he stirred, and that should be over three hours. At regular intervals he groaned, and as his wife glided out of the room he called for Jenny.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JENNY AND HER MOTHER.

Just out of High street, not a stone's throw from the church, lived Mr. Franklin, who owned the Swiftsure coach that plied between Greystone and the old city on the road to London.

He was a pudding-faced man, and shaped like a ball in that part of his body which the band of his breeches circled; and he stood, with his legs wide apart, sucking a straw at the gateway of his yard, wherein, under sheds, stood his rolling stock, when Mrs. Strangfield breathlessly came to him, and besought him, with clasped, entreating hands, instantly to order out one of his coaches, that she might be driven to Winston.

Now, fortunately for her, Franklin was a prompt man; and reading urgency in the poor woman's desperate face, he gave a shrill whistle, and out from a little office tumbled a knock-kneed hostler.

"Number Two, Jeremy, and Sarah's your gal. Let Thomas scrape himself, and tell him the leddy's waiting," said Mr. Franklin; and with dispatch that would pleasure this electric age to experience, a coach rattled up to the gate.

"To the Greyhound, at Winston, as quick as ever you can gallop," cried Mrs. Strangfield; and in a trice the heavy-wheeled vehicle was scattering loungers in the roadway on to the pavements, and making the shop windows clink to the thunder of its progress.

Still, it was a half-hour's drive, and a terribly bustling one.

At last the village hove in sight; a little row of cottages swept by, and the coach came to a stand in front of the glass door of the Greyhound inn. The man descended from the box of the coach, though already she was spraining her wrist in desperate efforts to open the door for herself; and no sooner was she liberated than she flew into the arms of Sally, who, having caught sight of the coach from a window, was running to the door.

"Are you the mistress?" said Mrs. Strangfield, in a wild way.

"Yes, I be, ma'am," replied Sally, with a civil courtesy.

"Is there a lady here?"

"Ay; an' you be her mother, I reckon."

"I am her mother. Take me to her at once."

Though Sally had been fortified with a dozen scruples, they would have been helplessly swept away by the peremptoriness of this command.

"She's just where Mrs. Mead left her, ma'am. This way, please," and she went to the parlor door and threw it open, saying: "Here be thy mother, mistress."

Jenny was standing at the window overlooking the green space of garden at the back of the house. With a stupefied face on her she turned, and a cry left her lips, and she stepped back a pace when her mother rushed to her. Then, like a flash of night at the sight of the beloved face, an impulse of love and joy leaped up in her; and in close, sobbing embrace were they locked as Sally, looking away from the sacred sight, closed the door upon them.

"Oh, Jenny, why are you here? why didst thee leave me?" cried Mrs. Strangfield, relinquishing her daughter to gaze at her, with eyes in which rapture and sorrow were strangely blended. "Never was mother's heart wrung as mine was when this morning I beheld your bed untouched and you were not near to answer to my call."

"I could not stay. Father would have taken me to London to-day; and see what a mad journey it would have been, and how cruel my ignorance would make him!" the girl said, pushing back her hair, and standing in a half defiant, half drooping posture before her mother.

"Thy father! Oh, Jenny! not only is it my love for thee that has brought me here in mad haste—thy father is dying! Ay, he may be dead before we can return to him!"

"Dying!— Mother, what do you say?" said Jenny, taking, so to speak, a firmer hold of the floor with her feet, and frowning, while a sickly hue of pallor overspread her face.

"Oh, Jenny! for the sake of God who hath brought me to thee, put on your hat and come with me quickly. I tell you your father is dying—he fell to the ground when Dr. Shaw brought him proof of your marriage with Cuthbert. Dost not thee know that the doctor has proved thee his son's wife? Ah, my poor heart, how should she know!—and that the cause of thy husband's missing, as the doctor believes, is that he was seized by the press gang and carried away to sea! Down thy father fell, and we bore him to his room, and the surgeon fears for his life; and all the while he lies groaning and crying upon thy name. 'Bring Jenny to me! bring Jenny to me!' he moans. My pretty, come quickly, or you'll see him no more in this world."

The girl stood transfixed and overwhelmed by her mother's news. Then you could have seen her battling with the rush and surge of tumultuous emotions a whole minute ere she spoke.

"Do you tell me that my darling is carried away to sea?" she said, in a febrile whisper.

"'Tis what his father believes."

"And that Dr. Shaw hath proved me his son's wife to my father?"

"Yes, indeed. He came with a paper, and the sight of it hath killed thy father. His heart is broken for the wrong he has done his only one!" wailed the mother. "Oh, Jenny, do not delay! There is a coach at the door. Make haste to put on your hat. You would not let him be moaning for thee in dying sorrow and not come?"

She looked at her mother with a wonderful expression of troubled amazement and incredulous horror in her eyes, then took up her hat, and in a few minutes was ready to depart. As she left the room she met Mrs. Walker, into whose hand she slipped a guinea, giving her a sweet, strange smile as she did so, but quite powerless to speak.

The woman, much affected by Jenny's munificence, put the little trunk into the coach, and low and numerous were the courtesies she dropped as it drove off.

The rattle of wheel and window, if not a prohibition to speech, was a decided obstacle to the hearing. But Mrs. Strangfield had too much to say to hold her peace. With her child's hand locked in hers she poured her heart into Jenny's ear, and all the story of Dr. Shaw's visit told her, and the medical man's judgment on Michael's condition, with whatever else that her head was giddy with—sometimes reproaching and sometimes breaking into passionate exclamations of rapture, which thoughts of her husband would inevitably choke; silent scarcely ever, and of the matter of her volubility leaving Jenny, amid the roar of the coach, in possession of but very small fragments.

And the girl?

Her father knew at last that she was honest, and for a brief while had exultation, of the kind that inflames the madman's eye, swelled until it had sickened her heart with the force and fullness of it. But the emotion died under the heavy droop of humiliated honor. She had won back her name, but what had the victory cost her! Her husband was gone, her father was dying, her heart was wounded and bleeding badly.

The bitter passion of shame that had driven her from Greystone revisited her again when the coach entered the High street, and she leaned back and involuntarily drew her veil over her face. The mother stopped the coach at the corner of the street, that the jar of the wheels might not penetrate the resonant wooden house, and alighted with her daughter, and both of them went quickly in.

"Mother," whispered Jenny, standing in the passage as a stranger might, "I will stay here till you have seen him."

"In the parlor, then, dearest, and rest thee. Oh, Jenny, pray God to spare him! He is thy father."

Softly the poor woman climbed the stairs, and Jenny went into the little room which, in all her life, she had vowed never again to enter. Speculating she stood, wondering how it had befallen that her mother had come so speedily.

Then through the doorway came a whisper—"Jenny!"

She went out, and on the stairs she saw her mother, who for despair could only beckon or toss her hands. She followed Mrs. Strangfield upstairs, with a creeping chill over her limbs, and the sensation of a thousand quivering fibers in her body.

In the bedroom near the bed were two figures whom she could not immediately distinguish for the feeble light in the chamber; but she speedily found that one was Mrs. Mead and the other the doctor.

Both figures drew away when mother and daughter came into the room. Mrs. Strangfield went to the bedside, and, bending over the motionless form upon it, said, in a whisper of exquisite sadness:

"Michael, Jenny is here. Wilt thou speak to her?"

For some moments there was no answer. At last, in a faint, hoarse murmur, the dying man said:

"Let her take my hand and kiss me. Jane, thee knowest that I cannot move."

The girl went to her father, and put her hand into his and kissed his forehead.

"Jenny, my little one," he murmured, "thee didst wrong to trick me. Of old did the prophet chide, saying, 'And thou saidst, I shall be a lady forever; so that thou didst not lay these things to thy heart, neither didst remember the latter end of it.' But thy punishment has been sore, my poor one. By thee am I condemned, whom I condemned. I was a liar for speaking what, in my wrath, I believed the truth; and it did nearly break thy heart, poor wench, as mine is broken!"

"Jenny, my little one," he murmured.

No pathos the meaning of his words had could equal the deeply moving effect given to them by his speaking with his head turned away, all power lost, life ebbing from him as surely as the shadows cast by the sun were slowly circling to the east, whence darkness comes. She hung over him with dry eyes, for the grief in her was too deep for tears.

"Father," she whispered, "I wronged thee by loving secretly; but has not my husband's going wrung my heart with punishment enough? Truly, I was innocent of worse sin than deceit; and now that you know I am innocent, and bear with my kisses, I could be happy to die."

No answer did he return, and he began to breathe heavily; on which the doctor came gently to her, and would have led her from the bed; but the father had a grip of her hand, and she would not disengage his hold.

Said the mother, in a feeble whisper:

"Is there no hope?"

The doctor shook his head, and let his chin fall on his breast, and stood quiet, with his hands clasped.

No more was said.

What was killing him, God knows! Not paralysis only, nor yet a broken heart. Yet visibly was he dying, and the difficult breath grew slower and weaker; and within an hour from Jenny's return to her home the breath in him was gone and the body growing cold. He passed away amid a deep stillness in the room; and Jenny herself, who was near him, knew not that he was dead, until a strangeness in the hold of his fingers made her shriek out.

Thus did it come about; and the mother and daughter wept in each other's arms while the doctor glided noiselessly from the house, and Mrs. Mead tenderly closed the dead man's eyes, and veiled the marble silence of his face.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN THE CITY.

Now, it was just five months after Michael Strangfield had departed this life, which brings us into the sloppy, inglorious month of November, that there hung over London, close down to the streets, a yellow fog.

All about the monument, and where a maze of streets meet, to pour their crowds toward London bridge, the fog was thickest. Here were many vehicles at a standstill and voices belonging to invisible creatures went through the fog, with the clang of bells and stamping and slipping of iron-shod feet.

A hackney coachman, swathed in a mass of capes and looking, with the immense white shawl around his throat, like an artichoke trimmed with sauce, suddenly brought the horse he had been pulling and hauling at to a stand, and, slapping down his whip on the roof of the vehicle, leaned over and shouted into the window:

"There's no movin' ag'in' it. You can git out or sit vere you are, but here I stops."

And, saying this, he recovered his upright posture, and with great deliberation folded his arms under his capes.

The individual thus addressed, protruding his head through the window of the carriage, took a despairing look at the blank scene around, filled with outlines which grew defined or vanished, as the folds of the fog circled or released them.

"Whereabouts' are we, coachman?" he called out:

"If I know I'll go ahead, and blow the odds!" replied the man.

But the gentleman inside was clearly too impatient to behave sensibly; for, catching hold of a traveling bag, he jumped into the middle of the fog, and, giving some money to the coachman, went steadily in the direction to which his nose happened to point; and, luck being with him, he came to the pavement.

He asked a man the way to Cornhill. "Straight on," was the reply. And after twenty minutes of bumping and groping, and when he had measured some two hundred yards, the fog lifted, the whole space and scene around cleared, and with a rush and a about London went to work again.

It was a short walk to Cornhill. Looking carefully from side to side as he went, our friend arrived presently at a passage, on which, amid other names, carefully indicated by a pointing hand, was the scroll, "George Hunter and Company, Second Floor." He mounted the gloomy staircase and reached a landing of four doors, on one of which he knocked.

Behind a tall, long desk were several clerks writing by lamplight.

"I wish," said the gentleman, "to see the principal—the owner of the ship Elizabeth."

At the sound of that name the whole of the clerks looked up like one man and stared at him.

"Certainly," exclaimed one of them, jumping up. "What name, if you please, sir?"

"Mr. Cuthbert Shaw."

The clerk passed into another office, and in a moment returned and requested Mr. Shaw to walk in. This was done by passing round the desk; and Cuthbert, followed by the eyes of all the clerks, entered a large office, where at a table sat two elderly gentlemen.

One of them, a gray haired man with spectacles, immediately rose.

"Mr. Shaw, I think the name was?"

"Mr. Cuthbert Shaw."

"Pray take that chair, sir. My partner, Mr. Atkinson. My name is Hunter."

He resumed his seat looking inquisitively at the brown, though emaciated face of the young man.

"It is possible, Mr. Hunter, that you may have already been apprised of the loss of your ship, the Elizabeth, off Cape Palmas?"

"Yes, but only one week since, by the third mate of the vessel, who was rescued from a boat with four companions."

"I was on board the Elizabeth when she was wrecked, and am only just arrived in London."

"Cuthbert Shaw? I do not remember the name in the list of passengers," said Mr. Hunter. "I will refer—" and he was about to summon a clerk.

"You will not find my name in your list. I was rescued by the Elizabeth in the English channel last July, a day or two after she sailed from the Thames. I was on board an English brig of war called the Cleopatra. She engaged a French frigate and was sunk by her. Some of us got clear of the sinking hull by means of the boats, and on the following day the Elizabeth came across the boat I was in and took me on board.

"Permit me to continue my story and relate the object of my visit. My time is very short in London.

"All had gone prosperously with the Elizabeth until we were drawing near the latitude of the Gulf of Guinea, when one Friday evening a furious gale set in from the west. It obliged us to run before it, and for a whole day we were driven helplessly, but on Saturday night the captain, not daring to run to the westward any longer, hove the ship to, in [illegible] sea that swept away the galley, stove in the bulwarks and carried some of the men overboard. At the same time we lost one of our masts.

"Gentlemen, you will probably have received a full account of this disaster from the mate. It is enough if I tell you that, on the Monday morning, finding the ship leaking beyond our power to keep her afloat, the men took to the boats; but I was in feeble health, and, in the selfish rush, I was beaten down and left insensible, and for a quarter of an hour I lay; when, coming to, I found there was another man left on board—one of the Indian prince's attendants. I sprang up and hallooed after the boats, which were sailing rapidly away—the gale had broken on the previous afternoon, and the sea was comparatively smooth, if I take no account of the heavy swells, and then, perceiving that the ship was rapidly sinking, and the occupants of the boats either did not or would not heed me, I prepared myself for death—which, God knows, at that time had no terrors for me, for I had endured more than many hearts could have stood without breaking under."

Observing the pause, Mr. Hunter produced a bottle of wine from a drawer and filled a glass for the young fellow. With kindly eyes and much sympathy he encouraged him to proceed.

"Gentlemen, while I stood awaiting the moment of death, which I conceived inevitable, the Indian, appearing to observe me for the first time, rushed up to me and, with many wild gesticulations and unintelligible words, dragged me to the stern of the vessel, where, to my joy, I saw a small boat suspended. She hung by ropes at the head and stern, and I motioned to the Indian to slacken the left hand rope while I released the other, by which means we got the boat down upon the water without capsizing her.

"No sooner was she afloat, than the Indian sprang over the taffrail and swung himself into her; and dreading that he might leave me to my fate, I followed him hastily, and cast the boat adrift from the ship, which twenty minutes after we had quitted her, sunk.

"From this point my story is a mere commonplace narrative of suffering, with one strange feature in it. Our boat was without sails. The other boats, having the advantage over us in size and sail, soon vanished upon the waterline."

He glanced at a timepiece, drank his wine, and continued, speaking quickly:

"There was a small quantity of fresh water in a beaker in the boat's bows, but no food of any kind. In the night, which was very calm, with bright stars, I fell asleep; and when I awoke, my mouth being parched, I went to the beaker, but found it empty. I knew that the Indian had drank the water in the night while I slept, and, in my rage and agony, I could have murdered him; but the wretch fell on his knees and so piteously moaned to me in his native language, that my fury was sobered by the fear and despair in his face, and in my misery I sat down and wept. Observing my anguish, the Indian crawled over to me on his knees and kissed my feet, and then, pulling out a package from his breast, placed it in my hand and with rew to the bows of the boat. Scarcely knowing what I did, I thrust the package into my pocket, and instantly forgot it in the sufferings of thirst which tormented me. However, some relief I obtained by sousing my shirt in the sea and wearing it against my skin; and likewise I chewed a piece of leather from the sole of my boot, which kept my mouth moist.

"Four days passed, in sufferings I need not describe, and on the fifth day the Indian fell crazy, and, leaning over the side of the boat in a manner that nearly overset her, he drank the salt water greedily, as a sheep would, with his mouth upon it, which brought on a black vomit, and toward the morning he died. Not until the evening of the sixth day was I rescued by a small schooner from Pernambuco to Portsmouth, blown by the gale that had wrecked the Elizabeth many miles out of her course, who, on sighting my boat, bore down and picked me up. That was on the 13th of September, as I was told—for I had lost all reckoning of time—and four days ago I arrived at Portsmouth. So this brings me to an end, gentlemen; and now will I state my motive in calling upon you."

He put his hand in his pocket, and held it there while he spoke.

"You, of course, remember that an Indian prince sailed as passenger in the Elizabeth?"

"Certainly."

"He was reported on board the ship to be possessed of very valuable jewels."

"We will give you the appraisement in figures—£170,000."

"I have explained to you that my fellow sufferer in the boat was one of the prince's attendants. The parcel he placed in my hands contained precious stones, which a jeweler in Portsmouth valued at £63,000."

"He must have stolen them when the ship was sinking," said Mr. Hunter, quickly.

"No doubt and by so doing saved them. Here they are, in the wrapper in which they were handed to me."

Saying which, he placed the package on the table. Mr. Hunter took it up and opened it, and his partner drew close to him; and when the gems lay exposed, his eyes glistened in the light of them.

Splendid stones some of them were, truly; diamonds chiefly, with the lustrous red of rubies intermixed, and here and there the mild shimmer of a pearl. It was hard to tell whether the gems had been extracted from settings or gathered loose as they were; but an ignorant eye might know their preciousness.

"Well, Mr. Shaw," said Mr. Hunter, placing the open paper carefully on the table, with a gentle setting of it toward Cuthbert, "these stones are unquestionably your property, and well may you hold them, in compensation for the sufferings you have undergone."

"Well, sir, it comes to this: If they were not on that table they would be at the bottom of the sea."

"Quite so," from both partners.

"Now, gentlemen, you cannot tell me that the prince is alive?"

"That is beyond our power, certainly."

"Will you put yourselves in his place and receive the proposals I should make to him?"

"With pleasure; but, holding him dead, we will consider your proposal in reference to his heirs," said Mr. Hunter.

"That is as you please. Sixty-three thousand pounds is a jeweler's appraisement of those stones. He would have found me the money. I ask ten thousand for restoring them."

"Plainly, Mr. Shaw, your Portsmouth jeweler taught you no lesson," said Mr. Hunter; and the other partner arched his eyebrows.

"Be open with me, gentlemen."

"Why, sir, we consider your request a very modest one."

"Then what I will ask you to do is this: Give me a letter stating that you hold these stones for me; get them appraised at your convenience. I will write to you in the meanwhile, giving you my address, and you will then send me bank post bills to cover the sum I ask."

The letter was written, the number of stones specified, and within the space of twenty minutes Cuthbert had left the office. Both parties shook him cordially by the hand, and Mr. Hunter attended him, bareheaded, to the door.

[CONTINUED.]

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

If I waz called upon tew tell who waz the bravest man that ever lived, I would say it waz him who never told a lie.

The meanest thing that eny man ever followed for a bizzness is making money.

Everybody luvs tew feel that they are ov sum importance in this world; even a pauper looks forward tew the day ov his phuneral as the time that he haz got tew be notissed.

If yu hav a spirited and noble boy, appeal to his generosity; if yu hav a heavy and sullen one, appeal tew hiz back.

A grate menny ov our people go abroad tew improve their minds who hadn't got enny minds when they wur at home. Knowledge, like charity, should begin at home, and then spread.

Nobody but a phool will spend hiz [illegible] phool.

Time iz like money; the less we hav ov it tew spare the further we make it go.

The tunge iz really a verry fasst member ov the boddy politick; he duz all the talking and two-thirds ov the thinking.

Men who invade the province ov wimmin are alwus jeered at; and how kan wimmin, when they invade the province ov men, expekt tew eskape the same kind ov treatment?

He who spends hiz younger days in disapashun iz mortgaging himself tew disease and poverty, to inexorable creditors, who are certain tew foreclose at last, and take possession ov the premises.

Thare iz menny a person who kan set a mouse trap tew perfeckshun; but, not satisfied with sich small game, they undertake tew trap for bears, and git ketched bi the bears. Moral: Studdy yure genius, and stikk tew mice.

Young man, don't marry abuv or below yure rank; not that I think thare iz evry virtew in rank, but thare iz custom in it, and custom often outranks law and gospel.

Hans Makart's Models.

In the painting of the late Viennese master, Hans Makart, two stately female figures often occur. In his "Diana," his "Charles V Entering Antwerp" and many others these figures of surpassing beauty occur again and again. The originals of the pictures are now living in Vienna. They are the two daughters of Herr Klinkosch, a leading gold and silversmith of the city. Klinkosch, the father, is an expert in his profession. Most of his work consists in designing presents for the royal family and the government, as gifts to foreign ambassadors. Makart was his intimate friend, and, receiving permission, painted his daughters as the heroines of his great paintings. Instantly they became the rage, and the Viennese court, usually so punctilious regarding questions of birth, freely welcomed the beauties immortalized by the brush of the painter. It is some years now since Makart died, but the beautiful Klinkosch sisters, although a little passe, are still seen in Vienna society. They are both unmarried.—New York Telegram.

Country Luck

Is the name of a serial, by John Habberton, the opening chapters of which will soon appear in these columns.

Do Not Fail to Read this Great Story.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA

The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and we ask you to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. **Peculiar** It strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. The peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation of the vegetable remedies used give to Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar curative powers. No other medicine has such a record of wonderful cures. **To Itself** If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other instead. It is a Peculiar Medicine, and is worthy your confidence.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

HIRES

25c HIRES' IMPROVED 25c ROOT BEER! IN LIQUID NO BOILING EASILY MADE THIS PACKAGE MAKES FIVE GALLONS

MAKES FIVE GALLONS DELICIOUS AND SPARKLING

ROOT BEER

The most APPETIZING and WHOLESOME TEMPERANCE DRINK in the world. TRY IT.

Ask your Druggist or Grocer for it.

C. E. HIRES, PHILADELPHIA.

PERFUMES

—MADE FROM FLOWERS IN THE—

LAND OF FLOWERS!

DOUSSAN'S

Sweet South

In 1 oz. Sprinkler-Top Bottles, EACH 65 CENTS.

ALSO OUR EXTRA FINE SPECIALTIES:

LYS DES INCAS! SPRING MIST!
LUNEAS! NEVADA!
IMPERIAL PINK!
ROUSSEL ROSE
EDEN BOUQUET!
LILY OF THE VALLEY!
All 50 cents per bottle. PICCIOLA!

The most delicate and most lasting odors made. Our trade-mark patented on every label.

"Delicate as a cobweb, Lasting as the hills."

If your druggist don't keep them send amount to us and we will forward prepaid.

DOUSSAN FRENCH PERFUMERY CO., 46 Chartres St., New Orleans, La.

ECONOMY WARM AIR FURNACES.

Send for Catalogue. Send for Catalogue.

—MANUFACTURED SOLELY BY—

J. F. PEASE FURNACE CO.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

NEW YORK, BOSTON, CHICAGO, TORONTO, ONT.

PATENTS

Obtained, and all PATENT BUSINESS attended to for MODERATE FEES. Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain Patents in less time than those remote from WASHINGTON. Send MODEL, DRAWING or PHOTO of invention. We advise as to patentability free of charge and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.

For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State, County, City or Town, write to

C. A. SNOW & CO.

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

FAULTLESS

FURNACES,

Largest and Most Popular variety of Warm Air Furnaces in the country. NEVER fail to give the most perfect satisfaction. Get our circulars and prices. Information given as to proper methods of heating dwellings and public buildings.

GRAFF & CO., 206 Water St., New York.

541 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT!

(ALL CAVALRY)

THE ONLY NEW CYCLORAMA On Exhibition in Boston.

The Only Indian Battle Ever Painted.

Is soon to be removed and sent to Europe. Don't miss this last opportunity of seeing this wonderful realistic reproduction of THE GREATEST INDIAN FIGHT ever known in the history of our country.

CHIEFS GALL, SITTING BULL, AND CRAZY HORSE

In the front, fiercely charging the FEARLESS CUSTER AND HIS DARING TROOPERS.

—ALSO—

A LARGE HALL, newly fitted, as a Museum, in which are exhibited a Rare Collection of INDIAN RELICS, secured at a great expense directly from the Indian Chiefs.

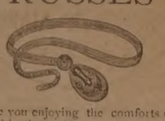
THIS IS THE LAST SEASON

Go Early, Take the Children.

541 Tremont St., Formerly Gettysburg.

Open Daily, 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

TRUSSES



Are you enjoying the comforts of life with that old truss constantly disturbing you? Is money any object, when for a trifle you can be fitted with a Truss that will make you

Laugh With Joy?

If not, visit SANBORN'S and let him give you comfort, strength and happiness. He has done it for others, and can easily cite you the

Best of References

Call and see him and be comforted.

$60 Sewing-Machine FREE

FREE

TRUE & CO., Box 750, Augusta, Maine.

Seattle, Tacoma, Helena, Spokane Falls,

And Tickets to all points West, South and North west.

California Tickets

WITH FREE SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS.

Tickets and information can be obtained of

L. E. HAYWARD,

Agent B. & L. R. R., Lake Village, N. H.

INDURATED FIBRE WARE.

ABSOLUTELY ONE PIECE!

HAS NO HOOPS!

NEITHER PAINTED OR VARNISHED!

NOT AFFECTED BY HOT WATER!

HAS APPEARANCE OF POLISHED MAHOGANY.

PAILS, TUBS, BASINS, PANS, KEELERS, SPITTOONS, SLOP-JARS, WATER-COOLERS, REFRIGERATORS, &c., &c.

LARGE VARIETY OF GOODS.

CORDLEY & HAYES, New York, Sole Agents.

FOR SALE BY ALL HOUSE-FURNISHING, HARDWARE, GROCERY AND CROCKERY DEALERS.

FULL PRICE-LIST AND CATALOGUE FREE ON APPLICATION.

GEM WIRE COAT AND HAT HOOKS

THE BEST!

TRY THEM.

EASILY PUT UP OR REMOVED.

NO TOOLS OR EXTRA SCREWS REQUIRED.

Patented.

USED EVERYWHERE BY EVERYBODY.

A UNIVERSAL NECESSITY.

FOR SALE BY MERCHANTS GENERALLY.

MANUFACTURED BY VAN WAGONER & WILLIAMS CO., NO. 82 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Established 1810.

— UNLIKE ANY OTHER. —

AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF

THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

Including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS—Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan, and Council Bluffs, in IOWA—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA—Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA—Cameron, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, in MISSOURI—Omaha, Fairbury, and Nelson, in NEBRASKA—Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Caldwell, in KANSAS—Pond Creek, Kingfisher, Fort Reno, in the INDIAN TERRITORY—and Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, in COLORADO. FREE Reclining Chair Cars to and from Chicago, Caldwell, Hutchinson, and Dodge City, and Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago, Wichita, and Hutchinson. Traverses new and vast areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best facilities of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago, and Pacific and transoceanic Seaports.

MAGNIFICENT VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS,

Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, cool, well ventilated, and free from dust. Through Coaches, Pullman Sleepers, FREE Reclining Chair Cars, and (east of Missouri River) Dining Cars Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, with Free Reclining Chair Car to North Platte, Neb., and between Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Hotels (furnishing meals at seasonable hours) west of Missouri River. California Excursions daily, with CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from Salt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The DIRECT LINE to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitariums, and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE,

Solid Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from those points and Kansas City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake, and Sioux Falls, via Rock Island. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown, Sioux Falls, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Northwest.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. CHICAGO, ILL. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agent.

CHEQUE NO. 9031.

A FASCINATING ROMANCE OF A LONDON SUBURB.

By the Author of "By Crooked Paths," "Sheathed in Velvet," Etc.

CHAPTER I.

I MUST begin by referring to a few trifling events which have no direct connection with my story, otherwise it will hardly be understood why I behaved as I did when the crisis arrived. I know that many of my friends have accused me of culpable weakness, and even of conniving at crime; but then they do not know all the facts of the case.

I am a colonial merchant, by name Gerald Quinton, and at the time I am going to speak of I was 33 years of age. My father had been dead about fifteen months, and I was still living with my mother and my one unmarried sister in the pleasant old gray stone house at Clayhill, which I had looked upon as my home all my life long. I was my mother's only son among five daughters; and, if I was not as conceited a specimen of humanity as one could meet in a day's march, the fact was due to my father's wise foresight in sending me here, there, and everywhere for a year or two's residence at one or another of his distant branch houses, instead of keeping me at home to be spoilt by the women.

Now, however, I had promised my mother not to roam again unless under the pressure of actual necessity, and had taken my place as the resident head of the house of Quinton, Hill, Craxhammer & Co., of Billiter street, E. C., Montreal, Port Elizabeth, Melbourne, Bombay, etc.

This matter of self introduction over, I come to a more difficult part of my story—the introduction of my heroine. She was the only daughter of the leading Clayhill doctor, and her name was Cynthia Debenham. She had one brother, two years younger than herself. Cynthia was 23 and Horace 21 when my story begins with the death of their father, Dr. Debenham.

I had gone down by my usual train, the 4:25 from Liverpool street, and was surprised, on leaving the carriage at Clayhill, to see my sister Jemima waiting by the door of the station with a worried, anxious look on her face, which was most unusual.

"Hallo, Jem," I exclaimed—she was named Jemima after her godmother, a rich maiden aunt; and her only consolation under the affliction was that the obnoxious name was capable of this manly contraction—"what are you doing down here at this time? Isn't this the hour usually devoted to tea and scandal, served up hot?"

She did not answer me; and, looking at her more closely, I made the astounding discovery that she had been crying. I hurried her into the dog cart without another word, and waited before asking my next question until we were clear of the straggling stream of passengers.

"What is it, old lady? Don't break down out here if you can possibly avoid it. What has happened?"

"Dr. Debenham is dead."

"Dead? Good heavens, how shocking! Why, he went up with me this morning, Jem, and seemed in splendid spirits! Was it an accident?"

"No; he came down by the 1:30, took a fly, and went straight home. Cynthia was surprised to see him back so soon, and wanted to get him some luncheon; but he said he didn't want to be bothered, and almost shut the study door in her face. She said she thought there was something rather queer in his manner, and felt anxious, thinking the sun had been too much for him, or something of the kind. So, instead of going away, she sat down in the hall to be near him. She was tired, having been in the garden all the morning, and, sitting there in the silent hall, was almost asleep, when she was roused by the sound of something heavy falling inside her father's study. Without stopping a moment to think, she rushed in and found him lying face downwards upon the floor. They did everything they could, but Mr. Jennings declares he was dead when he fell."

"And what do they say it is?"

"Heart disease; but there is to be an inquest."

"Poor Cynthia!"

"She is wonderfully calm," said Jem, with the tears running down her good natured brown face. "If she had cried and made ever so little fuss, I should not have been so upset; but her patient, mournful white face is more than I can stand. She grieves terribly about Horace. He and his father parted in anger the last time they met, and she thinks the memory of their quarrel will be so terrible for the poor boy now."

"A good for nothing young scapegrace!" I muttered, with a complete absence of sympathy. "She need not worry herself on that score, Jem; Horace won't grieve much, unless his own interests are touched very nearly. Who is with Cynthia now?"

"The mother. We want her to come home with us to-night."

"She'll not do that, I'm certain, Jem; she won't leave the house until after the funeral. Cynthia is not the girl to spare herself when there are duties to perform, and she will think it her duty to stay at the house in Park street until everything is over. Then there's Horace, too, to look after. Can he get here to-night?"

"He can get up to town from Oxford; but I'm afraid he'll miss the last train down. Here's Park street. Will you come and see Cynthia?"

I shrank instinctively from this suggestion. I loved Cynthia very dearly; and I believed she loved me—in fact, she had almost admitted that her duty to her father and brother was the only obstacle when I had asked her—six months before—to be my wife. Anything I could do for her good, I would; yet the thought of going to Dr. Debenham's house just now was repugnant to me.

"I'll come if I can be of any use," I said, feeling some self contempt at my own weakness; "but I don't suppose she will see me, Jem."

"Perhaps not; but it will look kind; and, even if you don't see her, you may be of use."

So we got down, left the cart at the top of the street, and went in at the smart chocolate colored gates, and round the neat drive to the side door of the doctor's prosperous looking house. I could scarcely realize that he lay dead within, cut down in the prime of his manhood by this awfully sudden stroke! The scarlet geraniums and the roses were in full bloom on the front lawns—vivid patches of color in the July sunshine; and, on the tennis lawn at the side of the house, the nets were still up.

Jem and I had been playing there the night before, and I had picked a pebble off the grass and put it on the top of the summer house. I remembered some remark the doctor had made about the stone remaining there until I took it down again—I was reputed to be the tallest man in Clayhill. As I turned into the house I saw the pebble still where I had put it, and the trifling incident brought home to me a swift realization of the words, "In the midst of life we are in death." I had to wait a few minutes in the little side passage to recover my self possession before I risked meeting poor Cynthia. She saw me just for a few moments.

"Your mother has been so good, Gerald!" she said gratefully, raising her patient hazel eyes to mine. "But I can't come to you, as she wishes. There is Horace to be thought of, you see; he will suffer so terribly over this! We shall want to be alone together until the first wrench is over. But you'll know I'm grateful all the same, won't you?"

Jem was right! This calm, self contained grief was a thousand times more touching than cries and sobs would have been. As she stood there, with the tears quivering in her steadfast eyes and her lips set in the saddest curve I have ever seen, but without a sound or movement about her suggestive of the indulgence of grief, I felt as if some one had suddenly clutched my throat in a grip of steel. I raised her hand to my lips in passionate sympathy, and left her with my mother.

Before that week was out Cynthia Debenham had need of all the sympathy we could give her. When the affairs of the dead man were examined, they were found to be in an almost hopeless state of muddle. He had dabbled in financial schemes; and on the day of his death he had lost about twelve hundred pounds. This discovery left no doubt in my own mind that his money troubles had had a large share in causing his sudden death.

Horace, when he found how things were, wanted to offer the creditors a composition; but Cynthia succeeded, after days of patient persuasion, in talking him out of this idea. The brother and sister came to us the evening after the funeral, and discussed their future plans in the twilight after dinner.

"Horace wanted to secure a few hundreds out of the estate and emigrate," Cynthia told me, as we sat a little removed from the others; "but I knew it was a hopeless scheme. What do we know about farming or sheep raising? We should certainly be swindled out of our little capital, and come home at the end of a year or so absolute paupers. Besides, there is our father's good name to be thought of. Mr. Sedger tells me that, if we are satisfied to leave everything for the creditors, we shall be able to pay them in full."

"But," I remonstrated, "the creditors themselves would not expect such self denial as that. It would be preposterous to leave yourselves without a penny in the would!"

"We sha'n't quite do that," she answered, with a certain quiet, gentle decision in her voice which I knew of old to be absolutely without appeal. "We shall take furniture enough to make two or three rooms comfortable—the breakfast room chairs and couch and so on—and start housekeeping on our own account in a very humble way in town. Horace has decided to accept your offer, and to enter the office at once, Gerald."

"That's all right as far as it goes; and I'm glad of it!" I said grumpily. "But what about you, Cynthia? It does boys good to rough it a bit; but I don't like the notion of your doing it. You don't know what life is like in a fourth or fifth rate suburban lodging house, especially when you're cramped for money, as you would be."

"Now, don't be hard on my poor little plan!" she whispered pleadingly. "You don't know what trouble I've had to talk Horace into it; and, if he once gets a notion that you are against it too, I shall have all my trouble over again. I assure you, Gerald, it is the only honest course open to us! As for being cramped for money, that can hardly be possible with the hundred and fifty a year you have offered Horace and the sixty or seventy I shall earn!"

"You earn? How?"

The tone of her voice was more pleading than ever as she answered softly:

"I mean to get an engagement as daily governess in a family."

"It is all a pack of romantic nonsense!" I exclaimed, angrily. "Why can't you make yourself contented here with my mother and Jem for a few months until your first mourning for your father is over, and then come to the home I will prepare for you?"

"You are so good, Gerald! But Horace"——

"Why should your life be sacrificed to Horace?" I cried again. "If he can't live alone on his salary, let him come and make his home here and be a son to my mother when I am no longer with her."

Her face flushed vividly, but she suppressed her emotion and answered quietly enough:

"Do you think we could consent to live on your charity like that? Even while you propose it you know well enough how impossible it is for Horace to accept such an offer."

"Then let him live en garcon in these lodgings you speak of, and you come here to my mother until— Ah do, Cynthia!" I cried imploringly, as I saw her lips tightening resolutely. "Let me beg of you not to expose yourself to the petty wearing discomforts of such a life as you propose. You can form no idea of what it is like!"

"It is all very well for you to talk about living en garcon, with your knowledge of the world and your extended experience, not to speak of your thirty odd years of wisdom. But with Horace a lonely life in London would be a very different thing. Think of the poor boy—he is really not more—after a long day's work in the office with nothing to go home to but empty rooms! Would he go home to them? You know he would not. I don't want you to think I imagine that the mere knowledge of my presence will always keep him steady, but I do believe it must have a certain influence for good with him. It will make him a little careful in choosing the men he brings to his home, for one thing, and that in itself is worth making some sacrifice for. My poor mother always recognized Horace's one rock ahead, his moral weakness; and his godfather, Capt. Sillicotes, used to say that he carried plenty of canvas, but was short of ballast. That's what I am going to be—his ballast. The day before mother died I promised her faithfully that I would take her place as far as I was able, and I must keep my word."

I knew every sentence she had spoken was distilled wisdom, and yet my very heart and soul seemed to cry out against this sacrifice of our two lives. Knowing well enough that I was beaten, I yet put forth one last faint plea, but without any hope whatever for its success.

"And what about me, Cynthia?" I asked, still holding her hand in mine, so that she should not escape and leave the question unanswered. "Have I no place at all among your unselfish schemes? Is everybody's good and comfort to be thought of but mine? Am I the only person for whom you have no consideration?"

She flushed again, with evident signs of distress, and tried to withdraw her hand, but I would not let her.

"You cannot compare yourself to poor Horace," she whispered, so low that I had to bend my head to catch the answer. "I know all this is hard on you, Gerald, and you will never know how sorry I am to be the cause of trouble to you; but I've thought it all out very carefully, and have come to the conclusion that my first duty at present is to my brother. Look at his position. Last week he was at the university, with a decent allowance from his father; today he has a clerkship in prospect, and years of drudgery before he can hope for any measure of success. In this comparative poverty he has no one in the world to stand by him but one well intentioned but inexperienced woman. In choosing between you how can I refuse to stand by him in his loneliness and disappointment? You have wealth, position, friends and relations, while he"——

"That is enough!" I interposed, shamed out of my selfishness for the moment by her great hearted generosity. "You are right, Cynthia, as you always are. But, if I could have my choice, dear, I would give your brother all the wealth and position in exchange for you, and think it the best bargain I had ever made." Her pale face lighted up radiantly at this. "You've done the best stroke of business in your power for the boy," I added jokingly. "You'll see at what a surprising rate he'll climb to the tallest stool in the counting house of Quinton, Hill, Craxhammer & Co. And then, as soon as he's in receipt of a sufficiently large salary to support a wife, I shall marry him off hand; and then"— The last word left my lips in a tone of triumph which there was no mistaking, and she smiled in a manner that was as good as a spoken assent.

"Well," said Jem, as we joined the other group, in which Horace had been holding forth to my mother and sister on what he should have done at the Antipodes if he had been allowed to follow his own inclinations—"well, Gerald, have you been able to talk that obstinate girl into a reasonable frame of mind? Have you converted her from this governessing mania?"

"Au contraire, she has converted me, Jem!"

"I should like to hit you," said Jem, shaking her little brown fist close to Cynthia's nose; and then, changing her mind, she put her arms round my darling's neck and squeezed her tightly. "You poor, pale, beautiful old thing," she said, with an odd little catch in her voice—"what an example you are to the rest of us!"

CHAPTER II.

When I went to pay Cynthia my first visit at her new home at Kentish Town, it seemed to me that of all the vile places in London she had certainly chosen the vilest. It was cheap, and convenient for Horace's journeys to Billiter street, she told me, and also for her daily appointment as governess to the two little daughters of a very great man on the Stock Exchange, who lived in one of the largest houses near Regent's park.

The rooms themselves were light and airy, and Cynthia's cunning fingers had already given them a look of home.

"You will be able to put up with it for an hour or so in the afternoon, once or twice a week," she said, in her most downright style; "because I shall take care to have everything always at its best by 4 o'clock, on the chance of your coming. But you would soon find the difference if you were to spend the whole evening here, and sleep and get up and dress the next morning. Every day since we've been here the people down stairs have had bloaters for breakfast; I don't think you would care to make your first meal off the odor of your neighbor's. Then the street organs begin so early here; I think most of the men's daily rounds must commence at this end of the town, for we've had two or three organs every morning at breakfast."

"I think I could stand the organs better than the odorous breakfast," I said, with a grimace; and she laughed and declared she had almost ceased to notice it now.

I stopped half way as I went to meet her.

Things went on like this for three months, I, in my selfishness, running over to Kentish Town as often as I possibly could for an afternoon chat with Cynthia, and never thinking to ask if it were convenient for her to have me there so frequently, when Christmas time came and brought with it a disquieting discovery.

Cynthia was looking worn and harassed. I had not seen her in the clear unmerciful glare of morning sunlight since she left Clayhill, in September, until she went back there to spend the blessed respite of her Christmas holidays with us.

We all three went down together—she, Horace and I—by the usual train on the Christmas eve, and there was so much mutual pleasure over the meeting and such an amount of news to be exchanged among the ladies that even my mother, one of the most observant women in the world where people's looks are concerned, was deceived by her visitor's animation during the evening of her arrival. But when Cynthia entered the breakfast room on Christmas morning, with the sunlight shining full upon her face, I stopped half way as I went to meet her, with the dear old greeting on my lips, and stood looking at her in sudden speechless dismay.

"What is it?" she asked, alarmed at my manner. "Has anything happened? Is Horace"——

"He's all right," I said, going on towards her and putting my arms round her and embracing her tenderly.

How was it I had not seen this change in her before? She had always been pale, so I did not set much store by her present pallor; but what had brought that look of distress to her face—that wild, anxious expression into her eyes, that sadly pathetic droop about the corners of her lips?

All through breakfast time I asked myself these questions over and over again, with ever increasing anger at my own past blindness in not having noticed the change before. My mother and Jem saw it, too, I knew, but they made no remark on the alteration to Cynthia herself; and I wondered why they were thus silent.

I took Jem aside after breakfast and spoke to her about it.

"Haven't I noticed the change?" she cried, echoing my words ironically. "Why, I went back to the mother after I had been to wish Cynthia a merry Christmas in my night dress this morning, and told her I didn't know where your eyes had been for the past three months not to have seen it coming on. Whatever you do, don't say anything to her about it! She was quite distressed because I told her she didn't look well, and she forced such high spirits all the rest of the time I was in the room that I could have cried over her."

"Her unvarying cheerfulness before me all this time must have been assumed, Jem. You know I can't see her until after 4, because of this confounded governess business. She doesn't leave Melford's until half-past 3, except on Saturdays; and she asked me to leave her that afternoon for Horace, so I have not seen her by daylight for months until this morning. What's to be done?"

Jem looked round cautiously before she answered.

"We have arranged it beautifully. The mother is going to have symptoms of sciatica to-morrow morning, and Dr. Jennings is to be sent for to apply the battery. Of course, hearing Cynthia is here, he will want to say 'How d'ye do?' and before he sees her I shall tell him how anxious we are about her. He'll manage to take her measure pretty correctly, without letting her into the secret."

That was not a very cheerful Christmas day for me. We had decided, on account of Cynthia's mourning, to make our party a strictly family affair; but, even if the great old house had been full of guests, I should still have carried that dead weight of care in my heart—a weight which increased with every glance at Cynthia's face throughout the day.

After dinner, when Horace and I were alone, I tried to sound him about his sister's health; but he either would not or could not give me any information. Being conscious of a hostile bias in my judgment of all Horace Debenham's sayings and doings, I was always trying to counterbalance it by giving him the benefit of the doubt, when there was room for doubt at all. So, when he told me he had not noticed any change in Cynthia, that she never complained, never seemed ill, and was always in good spirits, I tried hard to believe he spoke as he really thought, and that in very truth he had not noticed the alteration that had so scared us all.

"He is such a disgustingly selfish young beggar," I told myself—"as long as the poor girl's illness did not prevent her from attending to his little wants he would let her die before his eyes, and never notice it."

The next day, when Jennings came, I contrived to be in the library with Cynthia. As this was not to be an acknowledged professional visit, I felt there could be no impropriety in my being present. Jennings and Dr. Debenham had been old friends, so there was considerable cordiality on both sides when he and Cynthia met. I stepped back a few paces, watching and listening; and through all the medical man's chattiness I could see how keenly observant he was of Cynthia's every movement.

"And how do you like the governessing?" he asked presently. "Do you find it congenial work, or is it rather against the grain—eh? A little bit like going back to the treadmill every morning, I expect."

Cynthia opened her eyes widely at this view of her occupation.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "I quite enjoy it; I would not be without my work for the world. My pupils are two of the most delightful little women you could meet anywhere, and I believe we are a constant source of pleasure to one another. Mrs. Melford wanted me to spend Christmas with them, but of course"——

"Quite so," interposed Jennings jocularly—"here was metal more attractive—eh, Quinton?" He glanced at me swiftly, and then turned his eyes again to Cynthia's face, saying abruptly: "Then it certainly is not the teaching that makes you so terribly wakeful at night."

At these words a deep flush suffused her cheeks and forehead, and there was a sudden expression of alarm in the glance she gave Jennings. She at once suppressed all signs of emotion, however, and laughed rather nervously.

"Who told you I was wakeful?" she asked, with a playfully defiant air; and then, without giving him time to answer the question, she broke off into a whole string of inquiries concerning this, that, and the other person, and completely blocked the subject of her own health.

When Jennings went, I left the room with him, meaning to ask his opinion in the hall; but Cynthia followed us with some forgotten question—remembered, I believe, on the spur of the moment, to prevent Jennings from saying anything to me. She evidently did not suspect the existence of our plot, and wanted to keep him from imparting his judgment to any of us.

I was too anxious to wait until my next meeting with the doctor, so I put on my hat, and walked to the gate with him.

"Well," I said, as soon as we were out of earshot, "what do you think? Is there anything really wrong with Cynthia's health?"

His answer, in the form of another question, set me wondering.

"What is it that is worrying her?"

"Nothing that I know of, or can guess at."

"And yet she has a worry of some sort, Quinton—a worry that is ever present with her. Can't you get her to tell you what it is?"

"How can I? You saw yourself how she [illegible] the moment you spoke of her health."

"Oh, her health, from a purely physical point of view, is right enough! I mean she would be in perfect health but for this mental disturbance. She has one of the soundest constitutions I have known. I wish you could find out what it is that is bothering her so."

"I'll try," I returned rather hopelessly; "but I'm afraid it will be of no use. If she had meant me to know she would have told me voluntarily. But, if she does not mean me to know, it is not of much use my trying to find out."

"Well, something ought to be done," he said, with an emphasis which convinced me he thought rather seriously of the matter. "She has evidently had a heavy strain on her nerves for some time—a haunting trouble, I should fancy; and the strongest mind cannot stand successfully against that sort of thing. I don't like that insomnia! How does she look the first thing in the morning?"

"Why, that is just what first opened my eyes!" I cried, startled by the doctor's words. "She looked terribly ill when she came down to breakfast yesterday morning; her face was quite haggard and drawn."

"I see," he said thoughtfully—"scarcely any sleep at all, and what sleep she does get is so tormented and worried by dreams that she had almost better be awake. Well, you see, Quinton, this is a matter beyond the reach of pills or draughts. I could certainly give her something to send her to sleep, but it would do her no real good. What you want—and it is the only thing that will be of any use—is relief to the mind. Let me see—this is Friday, and she is not going up to town until Monday afternoon, you say. I'll look in again on Sunday; but"——

His lips drooped expressively as he shook hands, and I watched him march away down the snow covered road feeling desperately wretched and helpless.

What was I to do—or, rather, what could I do if Cynthia still chose to maintain this obstinate reserve?

However, I determined to make an effort to discover what really ailed her, so after luncheon I ordered the dog cart, and told Cynthia to get ready for a drive. She tried to get out of it at first, but I was determined, and at length she gave way. She had pleaded the cold as an excuse, so, when she came down ready dressed, I sent for my mother's fur lined carriage cloak and insisted on her wearing it over all her other garments, and saw myself that the foot tin was really hot before we started.

We talked on every day matters until we were fairly through Clayhill and out on the open road beyond, and then I worked round to my topic.

"Does the cold get in anywhere?" I asked, turning round to see that the bearskin was well tucked in on her side, and noting gladly the increased brightness of her eyes and the slight tinge of pink in her cheeks.

She smiled eloquently as she answered:

"Not anywhere; you've not left a chink for 'my lady wind to set her foot in.' It's delightful coming out with you, Gerald—you take such care of one."

"The drive is doing you good already," I said, jesuitically.

"I can feel it is!" she cried, with a joyous laugh. "The air is so exhilarating, every breath I draw seems to give me fresh strength. I feel that I want to shout with gladness."

"You ought to have more air than you do, Cynthia. I don't believe you would have those wakeful nights Jennings spoke of if you spent more time out of doors."

She paused before replying, and I almost fancied she argued with herself during those few moments whether it would be wiser to tackle the subject boldly and finish with it for good or to let it drop. Whether she discussed the matter or not, she adopted the former course.

"I'm [illegible] you mentioned that," she said, speaking slowly at first, but more quickly afterwards, as I uttered an exclamation of incredulity: "very glad, because I can say to you what might have o[illegible] Mr. Jennings if I had said it then. You know that is all a myth about my not sleeping—at least," she explained, as I turned to her with a reproachful glance, "it is a myth in the way he put it. He spoke as if it were quite a serious matter—as if I never got any sleep at all, while the truth is I have merely been kept awake more or less the last fortnight by violent neuralgia."

"Then why didn't you tell Jennings that?" I asked, looking steadily at her.

For a moment she faltered, and a sad little tremor passed over her face; it was almost an admission of untruth, and I was going to overwhelm her with an avalanche of entreaties for her confidence. But she was too quick for me.

"Can't you see for yourself why I did not tell Mr. Jennings?" she said, with a forced gayety that was very painful to see. "He would have dosed me unmercifully with nauseous messes, and I wanted to have my little holiday down here in peace."

"Cynthia," I remonstrated, laying one hand upon hers, and, after glancing ahead to see that the road was clear, letting the mare do pretty much as she liked, "won't you tell me about this trouble that has crept into your life, dear? If the force of circumstances keeps us apart, that is no reason why we should not help each other in every way we possibly can. Let me help you now."

Her lips quivered, but she kept her self control wonderfully as she answered me, with her eyes fixed upon the horizon:

"You have helped me, Gerald—nobody could have helped me as you have; you have been the soul of generosity and forbearance always. I don't need any help from you now, dear."

"Not in this new bother? Let me share it with you, Cynthia!"

"It is all nonsense, you know," she declared, shaking her head gently. "There is no new bother that you can help me in. Now let us forget all this nonsense and enjoy our drive. Wake Nancy up, Gerald; I like to move quickly through the air—it's like drawing two breaths at once to feel the wind flying past one."

I felt I could do no more after this. Looking back I often try to find out where the mistake began, and if it originated with me; but I cannot see what else I could have said or done. In spite of all my love for her it was evident that Cynthia would not give me her confidence.

[CONTINUED.]

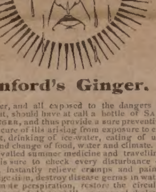
Every day that the sun rises upon the American people it sees an addition of $2,500,000 to the accumulation of wealth in the United States, which is equal to one-third the daily accumulation of all mankind outside the United States.

The luminous power of the electric lights on top of the Eiffel tower is equal to 10,000 carcels, and the total intensity of their luminous rays 8,000,000 carcels.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

Hot Weather Ills.



Sanford's Ginger.

The farmer, and all exposed to the dangers of summer heat, should have at call a bottle of SANFORD'S GINGER, and thus provide a sure preventive and speedy cure of ills arising from exposure to excessive heat, drinking of ice-water, eating of unripe fruit, and change of food, water and climate.
This unrivalled summer medicine and travelling companion is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels, instantly relieve cramps and pains, prevent indigestion, destroy disease germs in water drunk, promote perspiration, restore the circulation, when suspended by a chill,—a cause of cholera morbus,—break up colds and fevers, and ward off malarial, contagious, and epidemic influences.
As a health drink with water, milk, iced-water, lemonade, effervescent draughts, and mineral waters, it is superior to all others. Ask for

Sanford's Ginger
WITH OWL TRADE-MARK ON THE WRAPPER.

THIS IS —THE— GREAT FOOD FLOUR
FRANKLIN MILLS FINE FLOUR OF THE ENTIRE WHEAT LOCKPORT N.Y.
ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE ENTIRE WHEAT FLOUR.
Makes Delicious BREAD, GEMS, Etc., of the greatest nutritive value—Far superior to Wheat Meal or Graham Flour—Does not contain any coarse bran particles or indigestible husk. The gluten, mineral salts and phosphates of the wheat, properties essential for the growth, maintenance and repair of the bones, muscles, nerves and working tissues of the body are preserved in their purity and natural proportions. Easy of Digestion—Perfect in Assimilation. Persons troubled with Dyspepsia, Indigestion or Constipation, will find perfect relief by using this Flour for their bread diet for 30 days. Put up in bbls. and half bbls. Retailed by Grocers in small quantities.
Send for 8-page Circular, and name of nearest Mill Agent.
FRANKLIN MILLS CO.,
Manufactured only at LOCKPORT, N. Y.

WEBSTER
THE BEST INVESTMENT
for the Family, the School, the Professional or Public Library.
WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY — A LIBRARY IN ITSELF
Besides many other valuable features, it contains
A Dictionary
of 118,000 Words, 3000 Engravings,
A Gazetteer of the World
locating and describing 25,000 Places,
A Biographical Dictionary
of nearly 10,000 Noted Persons,
A Dictionary of Fiction
found only in Webster,
All in One Book.
3000 more Words and nearly 2000 more Illustrations than any other American Dictionary.
WEBSTER IS THE STANDARD
Authority in the Gov't Printing Office, and with the U. S. Supreme Court. It is recommended by the State Sup'ts of Schools of 36 States, and by leading College Pres'ts of the U. S. and Canada.
Sold by all Booksellers. Pamphlet free.
G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY AND THE UNTOLD MISERIES
Resulting from the Errors of Youth, Folly, Vice, Ignorance, &c., may be cured at home without fail or exposure. Infallible and Confidential. Large Treatise, 300 pages, only $1 by mail, sealed, postpaid. Small book, with endorsements of the press, free. Send now. Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

DECKER & SON PIANO
HONEST GENUINE
GRAND & UPRIGHT.
THE PUBLIC
Prefer Decker & Son's Pianos because they are matchless in brilliancy, sweetness, power, and their capacity to outlast any other make of Pianos.
CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.
FACTORY AND WARE ROOMS,
1550 Third Ave., New York City.

HINDERCORNS.
The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. 15c. at Druggists. Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

ARE YOU CONSUMPTIVE
Have you Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Indigestion? Use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. It has cured the worst cases and is the best remedy for all ills arising from defective nutrition. Take in time. 50c. and $1.00.

Avoid The Heat of Summer
BY USING THE
Famous Oil Range!
WITH
Laundry Attachment.
It will do all the Cooking, Washing and Ironing of the family, and satisfy the most exacting.

Other oil stoves are only fitted for light summer work. The "Famous" can be used the year round, as it has all the Power of a Coal Range. Has four powerful burners which can be singly or together according to the work to be done.
It is complete with Stand on Casters, Oven, Laundry Attachment, Extension Top, Shelf, etc. Ordinary stove furniture can be used. It is unlike all other oil stoves, and owes its Superiority to a Patented Form of Construction not found on other stoves.
The "Famous" will do more work and at less expense than any other oil stove made.
SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE.
Write us for special circulars, and we will put you in the way of getting one of these stoves at a reasonable price.
SMITH & ANTHONY STOVE CO.,
48, 50, 52 AND 54 UNION ST., BOSTON.
T. S. MOSES Agent for Meredith, and GEO. H. MITCHEL for Laconia.

IT IS THE BEST
Ladies ASK FOR GILT EDGE
THE ONLY SHOE POLISH CONTAINING OIL

FOR SALE BY
GEO. F. SANBORN,
MEREDITH, - N. H.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH
PRICE 50 CTS.
IT IS THE BEST, EASIEST TO USE, AND THE CHEAPEST.
SOLD AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Grey Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff and hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
Almost as Palatable as Milk.
So disguised that it can be taken, digested, and assimilated by the most sensitive stomach, when the plain oil cannot be tolerated; and by the combination of the oil with the hypophosphites is much more efficacious.
Remarkable as a flesh producer.
Persons gain rapidly while taking it.
SCOTT'S EMULSION is acknowledged by Physicians to be the Finest and Best preparation in the world for the relief and cure of
CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES, EMACIATION, COLDS and CHRONIC COUGHS.
The great remedy for Consumption, and Wasting in Children. Sold by all Druggists.

LATEST IMPROVED HORSE POWER
Machines for THRESHING & CLEANING Grain, also Machines for SAWING WOOD with Circular and Cross-Cut Drag Saws.
Acknowledged by all to be THE BEST regarding EASY DRAFT, DURABILITY & QUANTITY OF WORK.
80 page pamphlet Free. Address A. W. GRAY'S SONS,
PATENTEES AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
MIDDLETOWN SPRINGS, Vt.

$500 Cash
Is offered to the person who shall send in the largest number of yearly subscribers to the
Ladies' Home Journal
between now and July 1st, 1889, at 50 cents per year—HALF PRICE. After that date, no subscriptions received for less than $1.00 per year. $400—$300 is offered respectively for next largest clubs. A good cash commission paid for every subscriber secured, if desired, instead of premiums. Hundreds of dollars can be made during the next six months, by men, women or children. We furnish free sample copies, posters, &c. Address
CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WHAT AILS YOU?
Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?
If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.
Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.
Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery
CURES ALL HUMORS,
from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.
"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.
CONSUMPTION,
which is Scrofula of the Lungs, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the
Liver, Blood, and Lungs.
For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.
Sold by Druggists, at $1.00, or Six Bottles for $5.00.
Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,
World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

$46,600
GIVEN FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS
READ AND LEARN!

In order that we may secure 100,000 subscribers to Leslie's Home Journal as soon as possible, we have decided to return to them on JULY 30 by a GRAND DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS, of all the subscription profits to be derived from a publication having a circulation of 100,000 copies, consisting of cash and various useful articles, aggregating a grand total of $46,600. These premiums will be awarded in a fair and impartial manner, without favoritism, so that all persons having their names on our subscription books on or before July 30, will stand an equally good chance to secure our CAPITAL CASH PREMIUM OF $3,000. Read our list of Premiums to be given free to subscribers.
TO SECURE ONE OF THESE PREMIUMS you must send us 60 CENTS, the subscription price for one year, we will then enter your name on our NUMBERED SUBSCRIPTION LISTS, and mail to your address a copy of Leslie's Home Journal and continue to do so for one year. 60 cents is the regular subscription price, hence we charge nothing extra for the premiums. Our Profits will come from our advertising patronage. SEND $1.00 for two subscriptions, the extra paper can be mailed to a friend or relative, and the extra premium be forwarded to yourself.
NO BLANKS
A gift for all.

STOP! I'LL PAY THAT MORTGAGE
HAVE JUST GOT $3000 MY SHARE IN THE PREMIUM DISTRIBUTION
SHERIFF'S SALE
WE HAVE BEEN HAPPY SINCE RECEIVING OUR PREMIUM

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

1	cash present of		$3,000
1	" " "		2,000
1	" " "		1,000
1	" " "		500
5	" " "	$100 each,	500
10	" " "	50 "	500
10	" " "	25 "	250
20	" " "	10 "	200
20	" " "	5 "	100
500	" " "	1 "	500
6	Upright Pianos,	300 "	1,800
6	Mozart Organs,	150 "	900
3	Ext'n Top Phaetons,	250 "	750
3	Side Bar Top Bugg's,	200 "	600
3	Victoria Phaetons,	270 "	810
3	Imp'd Farm Wagons,	70 "	210
2	Steel Harvester and Binders,	175 "	350
1	Improved Hay Press,		100
3	12-ft. Wind Mills,	120 "	360
4	Sulky Plows,	65 "	260
2	Disc Harrows	65 "	130
5	Double Farm Harness,	40 "	200
3	" Carriage Harness,	60 "	180
5	Cab't Sewing Machines	50 "	250
4	Elegant Walnut Bed-room Suites,	70 "	280
5	Oak Bed-room Suites,	60 "	300
5	Raw Silk Parlor Suites	120 "	600
3	Plush Parlor Suites,	70 "	210
8	Upholst'd Easy Chairs,	47 "	376
7	Dec China Dinner Sets,	55 "	385
20	Heavy Gold Watches,	[illegible] "	860
20	Boys' Silver Watches,	10 "	200
8	Pr's Diamond Earrings	125 "	1,000
6	Col'bia Safety Bicycles	135 "	810
8	Double Barrel Breech Loading Shot Guns,	43 "	344

Also numerous other presents,—such as Gold Rings, Ladies' Breast Pins, Watch Chains, Ear Rings, Lockets, Books and many other articles, making a grand total of 100,000 presents.

EXTRA GIFTS $1,000.00 CASH. 100 WATCHES.
1st Gift, $250; 2nd Gift, $100; 3rd Gift, $50; 10 Gifts of $20 each; 10 Gifts of $10 each; 40 of $5 each; 100 of $1 each; and 100 Stem-winding Watches, to be given free to the first 266 persons who answer this advertisement, and say just where they saw this advertisement, in order that we may positively know what kind of advertising pays us best.
All who send us 60 cents for a year's subscription, either singly or in clubs, can compete for these extra presents.
YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FREE!—For a Club of Five Yearly Subscribers, accompanied by $3.00 Cash, will send one extra Subscription. For a Club of Ten and $6.00, we will send two extra Subscriptions. For a Club of twenty and $12.00, we will send five extra Subscriptions. For a Club of forty and $21.00, we will send ten extra Subscriptions. You can have the extra papers mailed to friends, and retain the premiums for yourself. This is your opportunity, a $3,000 present to be given to some one. So answer quick—no subscriptions entered unless money is sent with the letter. As to our reliability, the Mercantile Agencies or Banks will satisfy you that we do as we promise.
CUT THIS OUT AND SHOW TO FRIENDS.
Send money, small amounts by postal notes or stamps (1 and 2 cents) when postal notes cannot be obtained; large amounts, by express or draft, on Chicago or New York, at our risk.
LESLIE'S HOME JOURNAL, 160 and 162 Washington St., CHICAGO, ILL.

The * Meredith * News.

GEO. F. SANBORN,
PUBLISHER and PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:
$1.00 per Annum, paid Strictly in Advance.
Liberal Inducements to Agents.

Advertising Rates.

	1w	2w	3w	4w	2m	3m	6m	1y
1 in.	.75	1.00	1.25	1.50	2.00	2.25	3.50	5
2 in.	1.50	2.00	2.50	2.75	4.00	5.00	8.00	12
3 in.	1.75	2.50	3.25	4.00	6.00	7.00	10.00	15
4 in.	2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	7.00	9.00	12.00	20
1-4 col.	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00	9.00	12.00	18.00	25
1-2 col.	5.00	7.00	9.00	11.00	15.00	18.00	30.00	45
1 col (24 in.)	8.00	10.00	12.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	40.00	60

Society cards, $3.00 per year. Obituaries, Resolutions, Cards, 5 cents per line or fraction thereof. Local Reading Notices, 10 cents per line or fraction thereof first week; each succeeding week, half rates.

Entered at the Post Office in Meredith Village, N. H., as Second Class Matter.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Ex-Secretary Whitney announces that the story that he is about to back a new weekly paper in Washington, having for its purpose his nomination as the next Democratic candidate for President, is without foundation. To this he adds the denial of any willingness to accept a nomination to "this or any other office." Of course, there will be ample time for Mr. Whitney to change his mind.

So far as founding a Washington weekly for the purpose of influencing politics is concerned, Mr. Whitney is too good a business man to make such an unprofitable investment. The Washington papers are now, and have been for several years, without weight or influence in National affairs. The best of them, the *Star*, is merely a local newsgatherer. Add to this the fact that Mr. Hudson, who was named as editor of the new sheet, is a weak sort of society reporter who brilliantly managed to ruin the *Sunday Capital*, and Mr. Whitney's denial of the newspaper scheme is easily believed.

So far as his avowal that he would not accept office is concerned, Mr. Whitney will excuse those who know him for having mutual reservations on the subject. Mr. Whitney's desire for the presidency has been noticed for two years and his availability as a candidate recognized. Mr. Whitney is, beside the late Mr. Manning, the one really able man in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet. He made the fewest mistakes and the most successes. It is well known that the great wealth of Mrs. Whitney's family would be edited in the cause, even to the extent of a couple million dollars. Dearly as Mrs. Blaine would love to be the lady of the White house, Mrs. Whitney is known by her friends to have a still more ambitious longing for the position.

In seeking for things to reform Mr. John Wanamaker has unluckily stirred up an enemy that brooks no interference and submits to no defeat. Yesterday he crossed the last bridge in his opening fight with the Western Union Telegraph Company by ordering the payment of the government telegraph bills suspended pending the settlement of the discussion. Dr. Norwin Green, president of the great telegraph monoply, calmly announces that he will fight the Postmaster General in the courts. He states that in ordering the rate cut, as to all distances, from one cent to one mill per word, the Postmaster General has exceeded the authority given him by law to fix the rate the government shall pay for the transmittal of messages.

Dr. Green alleges that this is unconstitutional, being the taking of private property and services without just and fair compensation. The defense is thus on broad and seemingly equitable grounds, if as Dr. Green states messages could not be sent at the rate proposed without loss to the company. The average length of a government message is about twenty words, and of course it must be delivered by a messenger, and must take precedence of all other business. The new rate would make the toll two cents; Mr. Wanamaker has probably forgotten that it costs two cents to send a message by this department and if special delivery is required ten cents more.

What, except perchance a fleeting notoriety can Mr. Wanamaker hope to derive from this war on the telegraph companies? It is an essential principle of this government to pay for what it gets fair compensation, whether it be to a laborer or to a powerful monopoly. In this case, should Mr. Wanamaker succeed, about $10,000 per annum will be saved. It would cost the government $100,000 to defend the suit. Former postmaster generals have never questioned the justice of the rate at ten times what Mr. Wanamaker proposes to make it.

The conclave of Knights Templar will be badly handicapped financially, unless some new device is invented by the committee for raising money. It was expected the hotel keepers, liverymen, butchers, grocers and saloon keepers of Washington would give in the aggregate about $20,000. Cities where the conclaves have been held have never given less than $35,000 to $40,000. But after a hard canvass the committee has secured only $1,800 from the business men of the capital. The merchants and others to be benefited go right ahead with their preparations for making a big haul in October, but will give nothing. The reason for this is the fact that the conclave is decided upon and is beyond danger of failure, and they do not propose to give up their money unless they are compelled.

East Holderness.

Arthur Kelley of Nashua, is visiting his sister, Evelyn Smith.

By the prolonged rains the potatoes are looking like the appearance of rust in this vicinity.

Fred Hawkins is making fine improvements on his place, which is an honor to the community.

John Berry has the best garden in this vicinity. He has a bed of onions that the best judges think will yield twelve bushels. No wonder the people call him "happy John."

A number of young people went over to Ossipee Park on Shaw's mountain last Sunday but were not admitted, Mr. Shaw being a Christian man. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

A. W. Canney has a number of boarders. Mr. Canney's house is a pleasant one, it being on a hill; the great Squam Lake and mountains display their astonishing grandeur, looking so beautiful like the Switzerland of America.

Not an Argument against Advertising.

That a man or firm should prosper without advertising is any evidence that advertising does not pay, we think is not a fact. Circumstances alter cases. A man may have ample capital to carry on business through all seasons of depression. He may be economical, and a thorough business man, and by this ability be able to prosper. Now, then, who shall say that with this capital, energy and ability, a judicious advertising system might not have resulted in unbounded wealth? Advertising is saying to the people: "I have got the goods you want, and will sell them to your advantage." It is simply doing as a laborer does—asking for work. What would you think of a man who would go around doing nothing, when by asking for work he could have it? Liberal advertisers are, in the majority of cases, liberal in matters for the public good. Business men who do not advertise are usually very close in all matters; hence, perhaps, their ability to succeed without advertising. One reason why some advertisers do not get the worth of their money, or do not see the good effects, is that they do not pay the attention to it that they do to other parts of their business. To get the best results, the matter of advertising should be studied just as thoroughly as the buying of goods is studied. In this way reasonable investment or outlay can hardly fail to yield good results.—Rockville (Ct.) Leader.

Wrong Passenger.

One may, perhaps, presume so far upon old acquaintanceship as to indulge occasionally in a mild practical joke, but to attempt familiarity with strangers is "another pair of sleeves." A city gamin was wont to play rather roughly with a good natured bull dog, owned by a shopkeeper of the neighborhood. One day the boy was walking with a crony, when he saw the dog approaching.

"Hi! there's Towse!" he cried. "Now see me head him off."

He stepped in front of the dog, with arms extended, and partially blocked the passage. The animal looked surprised, stopped, and evidently considered within himself what would be best do.

"I never knew him to act like that," said the joker. "He allers lays down on his back and rolls. Guess I'll stir him up a little!"

With that he sprang at the dog, and caught him by the ears, and began pulling him about.

Towse was evidently amazed, but he proved equal to the occasion. Fastening his teeth in the boy's trousers, in startling nearness to an expanse of bare knee, he held on like a vise.

Just at that moment the boy caught sight of an unfamiliar spot of white on the animal's head, and dropped his hold to take at once to his heels, leaving a goodly portion of his woolen cloth in the creature's mouth.

"Run, Patsy, run!" he shouted to his chum. "He's gone and turned himself into another dog!"—Youth's Companion.

An Ideal Contributor.

He handed over to the wild eyed editor an article of some length, no bad cigars accompanying it, and cheerfully remarked:

"I don't suppose you'll use this. When I first wrote it I thought it was about as smooth a piece of literary work as had been produced in recent years, but seven editors have refused it and I am beginning to think that my talents lie in the direction of sawing wood rather than writing essays. If you don't care to read it, fire it away, as I won't have anything more to do with it. I can't afford to have its hair cut."

The manuscript was torn to pieces with a good deal of enthusiasm, and the ideal contributor was assured that he had sized himself up accurately.

"If you were writing for a street car," were the feeling words used, "you wouldn't get the slot in the fare box."

Oh that there were more idea contributors!—Nebraska State Journal.

"Those who use our goods are very much attached to them," is what a porous plaster company advertises.

Impurities of the blood often cause great annoyance at this season: Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and cures all such affections.

DID NOT KNOW ART.

Shakespeare Evidently Was Not Familiar with Painters and Painting.

Considering the universal character of Shakespeare's knowledge, it seems at first curious that he should have displayed no very intimate acquaintance with the actual art of painting. This is the more striking when we recollect how much he knew of the details and positive technique of nearly every other profession, calling or handicraft under the sun. His familiarity with them, as shown by the use of purely professional phrases and trade words, has given birth to a host of profound treatises wherein the writers have striven to demonstrate that the poet must, in a sort, have served an apprenticeship to a dozen different trades. His entire accuracy in these respects is undoubted, and is testified to by masters and experts. On this ground it has been attempted to prove that in turn he practiced as a lawyer, a surgeon, a physician, a horse dealer, a butcher, a soldier, a sailor, a farmer, a gardener, a school master and heavens knows what besides; whilst travelers have declared that unless he had himself visited many of the countries he describes, and been familiar with their languages, he could never have alluded as he does to their numerous minute characteristics.

I am not aware, however, that any one has been bold enough to assert that he was a painter or artist, as we understand the term. Nor is this wonderful, perhaps, seeing, as I have hinted, that we look in vain through his pages for anything more than a quite superficial knowledge of the use of the palette and brushes. Indeed the words palette and brush nowhere occur, nor do those of easel, maulstick or any of the paraphernalia of the studio. And this, I repeat, is rather singular, for if the art, with the means and materials for practicing it, were uncommon in England in Shakespeare's day, they could scarcely have been so in Italy, Germany, Flanders or France; and he was so conversant with the habits of continental nations that one would have thought the artist's life and its surroundings would not have escaped him in detail. Yet he never even mentions the painter's brush, it is always his "pencil;" and although we know that the word popularly expresses the instrument by which artistic work is produced, it is at least odd that the poet avoids the use of its literal synonym, especially remembering the vast scope of his vocabulary.

* * *

The artist (Timon of Athens) talks no "shop," tells nothing about his models who sat to him, or the difficulty of getting the sort of heads he wants. Nothing is revealed as to the technique, or the system of priming the canvas, or laying in this or that color first—or what, in a word, the process and progress of the work have been, as, I submit, might fairly have been expected. Neither is any further clew offered as to the nature of the subject, nor any hint as to its dimensions; but later on, when the patron Timon sees it, he commends it, and in spicing his admiration with some philosophic moralizing, pays a just tribute to the noble art thus:

Painting is welcome.
Painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonor traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside; these pencilled figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it.

If this significant promise was never performed, it was Master Painter's own fault, and he was rightly served. In the last act of the play we discover what he really is; and if our heaven gifted "Swan of Avon" intended to typify in him the artistic character generally, we can only say his opinion of it was not high. Would it be a terrible heresy to add that it also betrays the shallowness of his acquaintance, if not with the art of painting, at least with its professors? The scene is too long to quote, but it is little less than a libel upon the whole community to have it exemplified in the person of such a mean, contemptible, fawning sycophant as the painter shows himself.—Magazine of Art.

A Physician on the Hair.

The best way to avoid scalp troubles, hair falling out and premature baldness is to use nothing but clear water on the head. When you go to a barber do not let him put bear's grease, vaseline or similar substances on your hair. These are more likely to cause trouble than to do good. In cases where dandruff, scald head or any scalp disease appears, soap of good quality should be used in the water with which the head is cleaned. Cold water, followed by gentle rubbing, is exhilarating to the scalp and is usually all the stimulant that the hair needs. Dandruff is an exudation from the pores of the scalp that spreads and dries, forming a scale or scurf. It is caused in nearly all cases by a bad condition of the blood. A person affected with scrofula almost always has dandruff. A frequent use of a fine tooth comb is likely to irritate the scalp, and cause dandruff to appear. In cases of this kind, after washing the head, apply a little vaseline to soften the skin. If the hair is falling out, and a stimulant is wanted, rub the scalp with brandy with a little salt in it.

Baldness is due to several causes; heredity is one of them. Members of some families get bald early, while in others the hair remains until old age. Scrofula is a frequent cause of baldness, and illness, particularly fevers, causes baldness. Excessive brain work is responsible for many bald heads, and wearing hats constantly cannot be too often condemned. Whenever I get into a railway car I take off my hat. I don't put on a tight fitting skull cap either. The hair needs air, and the head to be kept cool. The reason that there are more bald men than women is due to the fact that women wear hats that admit the air to the top of the head, while men's hats exclude the air. Baldness among men is undoubtedly increasing, and is due to the fact that men do more head work and take less rest and relaxation now than formerly.—E. B. Foote, M. D., in New York Mail and Express.

Steinkirks.

Lace neck cloths, carefully arranged, were worn by men of fashion up to 1692. In the continental war against Louis XIV, the style altered in a curious way. At the battle of Steinkirk, when the brigade of Bourbonnais was flying before the onset of the allies, there was no time for foppery and the finest gentlemen of the court came spurring to the front with their rich cravats in utter disorder. It became, therefore, the fashion of the swells of Paris to wear around their necks kerchiefs of fine lace, studiously disarranged. The collars were called "Steinkirks" and remained long the mode.—Chicago Times.

Observations upon the sway of tall chimneys during high winds show that one 115 feet in height and 4 feet in total diameter at the top waved 20 inches during a heavy gale, and another 164 feet high, but with a 6¼ feet diameter of flue, moved through an arc of only 6¼ inches.

The Esquimaux.

While the Esquimaux have a far wider range east and west than any other race, there is much evidence that the north and south limits of their territory have greatly narrowed. If the suggestion of Capt. Adams, that the Smith Sound natives, about 200 in number, be removed to south Greenland to prevent them from entirely succumbing to the hardships of their isolated home, were carried out, the north and south range of these natives would be still further diminished. We know that the Esquimaux once hunted in the northern part of Grant Land, over 200 miles north of the present homes of the Smith Sound highlanders. On the other side of Baffin's bay the Esquimaux not long ago often went to Cape Sabine, where Greely's party passed their last winter, but they have not been heard of so far north for some years. On Banks Land McClure found very old remains of Esquimaux huts, but the natives south of Banks Land had not even any traditions of people living so far north, and the natives of Wollaston Land, who would be most likely to go there to hunt, have said they never go north of Prince Albert sound, which is far southeast of Banks Land. These facts point not more to the southerly retreat of the Esquimaux than to the gradual extinction of the race. Even in southwest Greenland, where under Danish rule the hard lot of the natives has been considerably ameliorated, they are barely keeping up their numbers.—New York Sun.

A Comforting Night Cap.

"It ain't ev'rybody I'd put to sleep in this room," said old Mrs. Jinks to the fastidious and extremely nervous young minister who was spending the night in B. at her house. "This here room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on; "my first husband died in that bed with his head on these very pillers, and poor Mr. Jinks died settin' right in that corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark I think I see him settin' there still.

"My own father died layin' right on that lounge under the winder. Poor pa! he was a speeritualist, and he allus said he'd appear in this room again, after he died, and sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him tonight, you'd better not tell me; for it'd be a sign to me that there was something in speeritualism, and I'd hate to think that.

"My son by my first man fell dead of heart disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and ther's two whole skeletons in that closet that belonged to him, and a half a dozen skulls in that lower drawer.

"Well, good night: and pleasant dreams."—True Flag.

Quite Indifferent, You See.

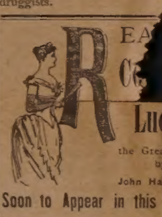
Father—Robert, is it not about time that little boys were abed?

Robert (aged 6, carelessly glancing at his watch)—Really, father, I must be excused from venturing an opinion. It is a subject in which I have little interest; I have no little boys, you know.—Binghamton Republican.

Nobody was ever as much attached to the old farm as the mortgage.—Burlington Free Press.

AN IMPORTANT ELEMENT

Of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is the fact that every purchaser receives a fair equivalent for his money. The familiar headline "100 Doses One Dollar," stolen by imitators, is original with the only of Hoods Sarsaparilla. This can easily be proven by anyone who desires to test the matter. For real economy, buy only Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.



READ Country Luck, the Great Story by John Habberton,
Soon to Appear in this Paper.

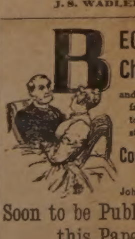
FOR SALE BY
Geo. F. Sanborn.

STEAMER
LADY OF THE LAKE
LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.
Commencing Monday, July 1, 1889.

Time Table.

LEAVE WOLFEBOROUGH,
6:00 a. m., For Weirs, via Centre Harbor
10:30 a. m., For Weirs, via Centre Harbor
3:05 p. m., For Weirs and Centre Harbor
LEAVE WEIRS,
9:00 a. m., For Wolfeborough
12:30 p. m., Str. "Maid of the Isles," For Centre Harbor.
1:45 p. m., For Wolfeborough
4:30 p. m., For Centre Harbor and Wolfeborough
LEAVE CENTRE HARBOR,
7:35 a. m., For Weirs and Wolfeborough
12:30 p. m., For Weirs and Wolfeborough
1:26 p. m., For Weirs, via Long Island
5:00 p. m., For Wolfeborough

J. S. WADLEIGH, CAPT.



BEGIN with Chapter I, and you will not fail to follow to its close, the story Country Luck, by John Habberton.
Soon to be Published in this Paper.

A. F. CLARK,
BILLIARD
—AND—
HAIR DRESSING ROOMS.
Tobacco, Cigars, Fruit, Nuts and Confectionery
Prescott's Block, Meredith, N. H.
37tf

G. N. SMART,
(Successor to B. B. Sanderson.)

HAIR DRESSER.
Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting a specialty. Razors Honed and Concaved.
Over Sanborn's Drug Store. Meredith, N. H.

SANDERS BROS.,
Laconia, N. H.

Delivered FREE OF CHARGE at the station at Meredith, the celebrated

MONITOR
OIL STOVES
Cheaper Than Ever.

The Leonard Dry Air Cleanable Refrigerator,
Finished in Antique Oak, and sold within the reach of all.

The Unexcelled
GLENWOOD,
ELMWOOD
FLEETWOOD
RANGES!
None Better.

Four carloads Drain Pipe just received.

First-class workmen sent to neighboring towns, and repairing done at the very lowest prices.

Call when in Laconia and investigate for yourselves.

SANDERS BROS
LACONIA, N. H.

STEAMER MOUNT WASHINGTON.

On and after Monday, July 1, 1889, will run in connection with trains over the B. & M. Railroad as follows:

LEAVE CENTRE HARBOR, Daily, Sundays excepted, at 6:00 a. m. for Weirs, *Long Island, Wolfeborough and Alton Bay, connecting with trains for Portland and Boston.
LEAVE WEIRS at 6:40 a. m. and 1:50 p. m. for Wolfeborough, and Alton Bay, at 6:15 p. m. for Centre Harbor.
LEAVE LONG ISLAND at 1:15 p. m. for Weirs, Wolfeborough and Alton Bay.
LEAVE WOLFEBOROUGH at 8:15 a. m. and 3:15 p. m. for Alton Bay.

RETURNING.

LEAVE ALTON BAY at 11:00 a. m. for Wolfeborough, Long Island and Weirs. At 4:15 p. m., or on arrival of trains from Boston and Portland, for Wolfeborough, Weirs and Centre Harbor.
LEAVE WOLFEBOROUGH at 12:20 a. m. for Long Island and Weirs and at 4:50 p. m. for Weirs and Centre Harbor.

Dinner Served on noon boat after leaving Wolfeborough.

J. T. FURBER, Gen'l Man., A. WIGGIN, Capt.
*The morning boat from Centre Harbor will not stop at Long Island, unless Signalled.

LACONIA
National Bank.

Capital Stock, $150,000.00
Surplus, $30,000.00
Undivided Profits, $2,989.03

Solicit Deposits Subject to Check.

Will issue demand or time certificate of deposit bearing interest from day of deposit to time of withdrawal. Collections made, and the usual Banking attended to.

OFFICERS:
John C. Moulton, President.
Orran W. Tibbetts, Cashier.
C. W. Tyler, Ass't Cashier.

Directors—John C. Moulton, S. [illegible] Clark, A. C. Leavitt, P. Putnam, Geo. H. Clark, W. L. Melcher, A. G. Folsom.
Laconia, May 29, 1889.

J. A. LANG & CO.,
CARPENTERS
—AND—
BUILDERS,
Also Manufacturers of
PIANO FORTE CASES AND BRIDGES,
Door and Window Frames, Screens and Brackets of all kinds to order.
Circular, Band and Fret Sawing, Planing etc.
MEREDITH, N. H.
J. A. LANG. C. D. MELOON.
3-tf.

AGENTS ATTENTION! JUST OUT THIS WEEK
Royal Treasury of Jewels & Bible
Most fascinating narrative ever written; large octavo 800 pages; 300 beautiful illustrations; only $3.50; chance of a lifetime; send $1 for canvassing outfit; most liberal terms; circulars free. Address P. J. FLEMING, 20 University Place, New York.

J. R. CHAMPLIN,
BOTTLER
AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN
Lager Beer, Porter Ale, Cider,
MINERAL WATERS,
10 Court Street, Laconia, N. H.

Lemon,
Vanilla,
Orange,
Jamaica,
Pear Cider,
Ginger Ale,

DELICIOUS NERVE TONIC

Birch Beer,
Tonic Beer,
Raspberry,
Strawberry,
Pineapple,
Sarsaparilla.

FOUNTAINS CHARGED
AT SHORT NOTICE.
Syrups of all Flavors.

☞The water used at this establishment is from the purest of Springs, and all goods sent out warranted of the best quality.

BOTTLERS' SUPPLIES.
Extracts of all Flavors, Gum Foam, Fruit, Acids and Vegetable Colors. 2-1-3m

JOHN W. BEEDE & CO.

Have always enjoyed the reputation of keeping the best quality of goods to be found anywhere. While others have bought cheap goods, they have always bought the very best and sell them accordingly. They call attention to the following specialties:

JOHN P. SQUIRE & CO.'S PURE LEAF LARD,
CHANCE BROS.' SODA,
COOKS' DELIGHT FLOUR,
Dwinell, Hayward & Co.'s Pure Spices and Cream Tartar in bulk.

THE FINEST
Oolong and Japan Teas
To Be Found in the State.

We have just received an invoice of the finest Oolong Tea we ever owned. The many people who have come to us for this grade of tea exclusively for years will appreciate this tea.

We have just received a large lot of the celebrated
Diamond D Cigars.

Give us a call or place your B in your window and we will call on you,
JOHN W. BEEDE & CO.
Meredith, N. H., Aug. 8, 1889.

Daylight Everywhere.

You'll save time, perplexity and money by looking through our Clothing and Furnishing stock before purchasing elsewhere.

This is Our Picture.

Mutual Interest in←
Laconia One=Price Clothing Co.
→Finger Post.

THERE IS NO SECRET about our way of doing business on the success that has attended our efforts.

For two years we have been taking the people's dollars and giving them 100 cents or more every time.

Thousands have visited us, purchased and gone as heralds to tell of Dependable Clothing at Honest Prices.

Two years ago we inaugurated the ONE PRICE C. O. D. system in Laconia.

From the start our success was assured. Our Price guaranted impartial treatment to each and all.

Selling for Cash enabled us to sell at a smaller profit, insured us against loss from Bad Debts.

As a rule we avoid advertising Cheap Clothing.

WHY?

Because Clothing that is Cheap in Price is Cheap in Quality.

Bear in mind that whatever you buy here will prove to be WORTH ALL YOU PAID FOR IT, no matter whether it be a $6 or a $20 suit.

That's our way of reaching your Pocket-Books.

Laconia One-Price Clothing Co.,
G. A. R. BLOCK.

DOLLARS!
DO YOU WANT TO SAVE A
DOLLAR?
Do You Want the
BEST GOODS
You Can Buy for the Money?
Do You Want the
LARGEST STOCK
To Select From?
Do You Want Goods that are
REPLENISHED OFTEN,
And not Allowed to Get Stale?
If You Do Want All We Advertise Call in and Trade with us.
The Very Best Stock of
CIGARS
In Town.
Choice Goods in
CONFECTIONERY.
MORE SODA
Sold Thus Far Than Any Preceding Season, Which Speaks More Than We Can Advertise the Beverage.
Everything Ready, Neat, Clean, Fresh and Lots of It at
SANBORN'S DRUG STORE.